SOLIS BRITANNICI *PERIGÆVM.*

SIVE

ITINERANTIS CAROLI AVSPICATISSIMA *PERIODVS.*

OXONIÆ,

Excudebant *IOHANNES LICHFIELD* & *GVLIELMVS TVRNER.*

ANN. DOM. 1633.

6

XUM

MVSARVM OXONIENSIVM

ad Sereniſsimum Regem, è Scotiâ Reducem

Supplex libellus.

DVM Tu Lampadis æmulus Diurnæ
Tranſis per Britonum citatus orbem,
Spargens lumina, Partienſq; flammam,
Quâ Totâ propior calebat Anglus,
Quâ ſolâ potior Scotâ Sorore eſt,
Neſcit Gens tua vel Relicta Linqui,
Nam Veſtigia, ſinguloſq; Regis
Paſſus proſequitur, magiſq; anhelat,
Dum vel Tædia computat Viarum,
Quam Tu Tædia ſuſtinens Viarum.

Et major CAROLO labor carere,
Quàm totos Caroli pati labores,
Hanc inter, Tuus en Amor, Camænæ
Tantô plus Grege cætero fatiſcunt
Quô Spiramine plus tuo foventur,
Qui vitalior es calor Camænis
Quàm toti reliquo Gregi Britanno.
Et quamvis, redeunte Te, remigrent
Sanguis, flammula, Spiritus, Vigores,
Omnes lætitiæ, atq; Amænitates,
Tanti gaudia non emuntur vlla,
Quanti non Carviſſe præſtinarent.
Nunc orant humiles, ſui vt miſertus
Iudulgere velis Tibi, & futurum
Concludas iter arctiore Cœlo:
Nec porrò ſpatia æmulere Phœbi,
Ni poſſis Redeundo & Æmulari:
Noſtro nec quoties recedis Orbe
Noctem nos facias pati Bimeſtrem.

BRI. DVPPA *Vicecan. Oxon.*

DVM *Phœbum* & *Muſas* inclamant vndiq; *Vates*,
Numina carminibus non benè nota meis:
Ipſe *Deum* celebro, qui Te (*Rex optime*) ſalvum
Reddidit. Æterni *Numinis* illud opus.
Ille tibi *Comites* ſolio demiſit ab alto,
Ille *Abitum*, *Reditum*, proſpera cuncta, dedit.
Regi igitur *Regum*, Qui *Regum* Cæpta coronat,
Sit toti in toto, gloria tota *Deo*.

IOH. PRIDEAVX Col *Exon: Rector*, & *S. T. Profeſſor Regius*.

NON alitèr reducem videat Brittannia Regem
Quàm ſic ornatus cùm diadema petat;
Hoc tamen, & juſtè, vellet plebs tota negare,
Et pia perversè nollet abeſſe nimis.
Non ſumus hâc minimâ contenti nocte, videntur
Tardiùs iſſe dies, & ſine ſole ſuo.
Tandem, te redeunte, redit facies noua cœli,
Arridentq; oculis omnia tincta tuis.

PAVLVS Vicecomes BAYNING,
ex Æde Chriſti, Artium Baccalaureus.

CVM caput *Heſperÿs* ſol aureus occulit vndis,
Demittit vultum languida *Caltha* ſuum.
Orbem cum retegit roſeo ſpectabilis ore,
Panditur accepti *Numinis* ora tuens.
Languebat miſeris mens anxia, *Te ſine*; ſed jam
Ex *Aquilone* redux, gaudia mira cies.

In portu puppis, nobis sors splendida, ducant
Si *Parcæ* æternùm mitia fila tibi.

CAROLVS HERBERTVS, PHILIPPI
Comitis Pembrokiæ & Mongomeriæ
filius natu maximus.

SAnâsti curas vulgi, querulosque timores:
Te Reduce, Princeps, sibimet est populus Redux.
Nunquam suscipias iter, aut à plebe recedas;
Quæ non abesse, sceptra revehentem, sinit.
Ione Caledoniæ gestamina læta Coronæ,
Manuq; terge Conjugis vestræ genam;
Cujus purpureum vultum *nubecula* nunquam,
Sed *lachryma* pro Te (CAROLE) vitiavit frequens.

PHILIPPVS SYDNEY, ROBERTI
Comitis Leceſtriæ filius natu
maximus, ex Ædc Chriſti.

VT convulsa Noto puppis prospectat amicam
Terram: Bellorum vt miles lassatus iniquâ
Lege, suum fumum patitur, patriosq; penates:
(CAROLE) sic reditus trahimus solatia vestri.
Incipiunt nam Sole tuo deponere frigus
Sæuo Musarum fontes algore stupentes.
Æstatisq; calet jam grato sydere messor,
Qui tulit infestum tenebris & flumine cœlum.
Fascibus omnis honos, & Digno lumine fulget,
Qui latuit multùm plebeio tectus amictu.

Cuncti

Cuncti natalem celebrant, & vivere discunt,
Quo salvum accipiunt animam Te, CAROLE, nostram.

FRANCISCVS *Baro* DACRE
è Col. Merton.

PRæsentem sensit Phœbum Calydonia nuper,
Arctoi quando properans ad limitis oram
Emisit radium fælicem: sensit & ipsa
Præsentem CAROLVM, cujus sub sydere splendet.
Hinc duplicis Phœbi faustâ dum luce coruscat,
Iactat quòd minimâ contenta est Scotia nocte.

CAROLVS STANHOPE, *filius* PHILIPPI
STANHOPE *Comitis Chesterfeldiæ,*
è Collegio Oriell.

INcolumem mare te, Rex, quondam reddidit, & nunc
Scotia te salvum: Christe, Tibi omnis honor.
Excipimus Regem terrâq; mariq; beatum,
Pro quo solvemus sedula vota deo.

R. KETTELL, *Præsidens Collegij Sanctæ*
& individuæ Trinitatis.

ALtera nunc oritur nobis gaudentibus æstas,
Et reparant vires tempora verna suas:
Diffugiunt celeri brumalia frigora cursu,
Inq; suas latebras versa recurrit hyems.
Ecce minax retrahit stimulantem Scorpio caudam
Arcitenens pharetram, cornua sæva Caper.

Scilicet

Scilicet Arctoâ Phœbus ſtatione relictâ,
Rurſus in Auſtrales lumina flectit agros.
Dumq; redux hilari circumſpicit omnia vultu,
Influxu, vita, luce, calore beat.
Ecce renidentem ſuperinduit Anglia vultum,
Regis & acceſſu jam propiore viret.
Ecce reviviſcunt vrbes, Academia, campi,
Magnates, populus, pulpita, templa, ſcholæ.
Altera ſic nobis oritur gaudentibus æſtas,
Sic repetunt vires tempora verna ſuas.
Effuge retrogrados (ô Sol gratiſſime) curſus,
Et noſtro poſthac fixus in orbe mica.
Anglia ſic longâ florens æſtate vigebit,
Sic noſtri aſſiduo vere fruentur agri.

I. PARKHVRST S.T.D.
& Coll. Bal. Mr.

SCotia nacta ſuum Regem complectitur vlnis
Ambabus, reditum docta negare brevem.
Angla orbata, ſoror ſeniorq; expoſtulat: ô Rex
Siccine in æternum non rediturus abes?
Scotia reſpondet (ſoror æmula, avara): Monarcham
Poſſe per Hebdomadas treſuè duaſuè frui
Scotis non fas eſt? Anglis per ſecula fas eſt?
Iurgia diſſolvit Rex, Abeo vt Redeam.

SAMVEL RADCLIF *Coll. Æn. Naſ. Principalis.*

Quod

QVod omnibus retrò negatum eſt regibus,
Et facere Pacifico datum tandem Patri,
In Scotiam Rex Angliæ ad tuos abis,
In Angliam Rex Scotiæ ad tuos redis.
Nevè ut MARIAM, CAROLVM, aut ſororculam
Crucient, amantes ut ſolent, lentæ moræ,
Vt Pegaſo alato inſidens, abis, redis;
Tibi nec Britannia iter, ſed hippodromus brevis,
Leucæo & Edenburgus in Suburbiâ eſt.

VNde Edenburgi vobis de nomine pugna,
Acutiores Critici!
Eden quando locus, quo nullus amœnior, illâ
Nec civitate civitas.
Ecce illic Cathedram Arthuri, caſtrumque prælatis
In aſtra pinnis ſubvolans.
Noſtræ certè, Eden quum CAROLVS eſſet in illâ,
Et vitæ ibi arbor extitit.
Illam at enim intrat ovans; nec flammeus obſtitit enſis,
Quiſquam aut ſatelles Angelus;
His Primus ſubmotus Adam eſt; ſed CAROLVS, ecce,
Natus Secundi, & unctus eſt.

VIſere quum charos ſtaret ſententia Scotos,
Perge, vale, dixi; ſed rediture, vale.
En ſoſpes rediiſti, alio & diademate maior;
A Gallis olìm ſic redeas, CAROLE.

MARIA *Regina ad Sereniſſ. Regem* CAROLVM.

AT quid CAROLE tàm diù moraris?
Iàm lux tranſiit una, tota, longa,
Quàm tardè ſolet integer nec annus,
Vel non ſæcula multa; nec rediſti.

Edenburge, meum ocyus remitte,
Per leges Iovis Hoſpitalis oro,
Per quidquid CAROLO meo ſibive
Gratum eſt, jam CAROLVM meum remitte.
En lux, dum queror, altera avolavit,
Et dein altera, deinde tota & ætas;
Iam factam CAROLVS me avum videbit;
Ad me nec CAROLVM tamen remittis.
Horas perquè, per & minuta, perquè
Si quid tempus habet minus minutis,
Me deſiderium uſque & uſque torquet
Abſentis, CAROLI mei, & morantis,
Et nec dum CAROLVM tamen remittis.
Iam luces, age, mitte computare
Totas, ne breve, vel leve arbitrere,
In compendia tot minuta cogens,
Paucorum mihi tædium dierum;
Iõ jam CAROLVM meum remittis.

QVi ſpicis redimis tuis colonos,
Læto gramine, floſculiſque prata,
Hortos qui violis roſisquè pingis,
Pomis Alcinoum aureis coronas;
Qui terraquè mariquè pace fixâ
Tutaris populo laresquè opesquè,
Qui templis renovas decus verendum,
Et mores Academiis avitos,
Qui dando iſta tuis, viciſſim & ipſe
Quicquid ſit diadematum mereris,
Dignare inſuper indui corollâ,
Quam Muſæ addere geſtiunt Coronis.

ROB. PINCK, *Cuſt. Coll. Nov.*

Imbribus

IMbribus immodicis maduere quòd omnia nuper,
Quòd cœli facies nubila, ſtilla frequens,
Deſine mirari; cùm *Sol* mutaverit ortum,
Inquè alio *noſter* ſparſerit orbe jubar:
Nec tamen optatam deſperes, Ruſtice, meſſem,
Culta coronabit jugera larga Ceres:
Solis equi reduces, CAROLI præſentia nobis
Vel medio Autumnum grata Decembre dabit.

A. FREWEN, *Præſidens Coll. Magd. & Decanus Gloceſt.*

CVm facit æſtatem noſtro vicinior orbi
Cynthius, & multo ſatiat nos lumine, tantum
Faſtidire bonũ incipimus, tum poſcimus vmbram,
Delectantquè vices hyemis: Sed quandò remotum
Averſos nobis radios convertit ad Auſtrum,
Tum glaciem, gelidaſquè nives, atque horrida Brumæ
Frigora non ferimus; tum primo tempore Phœbum
Optamus reducem, Phœbum omnia vota repoſcunt:
Sic CAROLVS, Sol noſtri orbis, cum ſidere pleno
Aſpectat, noſtrumque polum fulgoribus implet
Perpetuis, bona noſtra minùs ſentimus, & ipſum
Languidiore animo complectimur: At ſimul iſtos
Avertit nobis radios, cùm Scotica regna
Luſtrat, & Arctöis procul hinc verſatur in oris,
Occidimus miſeri, ſuſpiria ducimus alto
Pectore, nec noſtris modus eſt finiſuè querelis.
Heu! ſerò reditura ſalus & vita receſſit;
Eſt mora longa, dies mœſti numeramus & horas,

Tardiùs & ſolito querimur procedere pigros
Solis equos, & ſic malè gaudia noſtra morari.
Eccè autem Boream tandem, Scotoſque reliquit,
Et reditu mœſtos recreavit CAROLVS Anglos;
Eccè iterum noſtro Sol jam reſplendet in orbe,
Et lætos facit ire dies; jam vivimus, iſta,
Iſta dies nobis, ſalvo cum Principe, vitam
Reſtituit, fecitquè ex omni parte beatos.
Et nunquam, ô nunquam CAROLVM vel fata, vel ævum
Eripiat nobis, ſed amico numine Princeps
Æternùm fœlix fœlicibus imperet Anglis.

GVIL. SMYTH *S. T. D. Coll. Wadhami Gardianus.*

VIx fines Scotiæ tetigiſti (Maxime Princeps)
Cum ſubitò reducem Te bona fama vehit:
Vt teſtudo, gradu tardo, ſic lentus abibas,
Sed reducem, Te non ire, volare ferunt.
Nec mirum ſi ſic properes velut ocyor Euro
Cum redeas; alas cui dedit ales Amor:
Heu quos complexus, & gaudia quanta tuliſti;
En, ut in adventum, ſint nova cuncta, tuum!
Nam Regina tibi nova conjux; CAROLVS hæres
Fit novus; & nata eſt bella MARIA nova:
Quàm fauſta hæc! bini CAROLI, binæque MARIÆ,
Secula *Quadrigam* nulla tulêre parem.

THO. ILES *S. T. D. Eccleſiæ Chriſti Prebendar.*

Tempus

TEmpus erat, quo prata virent, & ſemina frugum
Fœcundat Natura parens; cùm præpete curru
Carolvs Arctôas properaret viſere terras.
Frigora ſed noſtris pluſquàm brumalia campis
Incubuere ſtatim; converſoque ordine rerum,
Senſimus (heu) gelidum, Majo currente, Decembrem.
Protinùs vt rediit, ſubito renovata calore
Induit egregias hilaris Natura figuras.
Si moderere tuo labentia tempora nutu,
Si geminas hyemes vno commiſeris anno:
O parcas radios avertere. Climate noſtro
Carole fige jubar; miretur vt invidus orbis
Solſtitio æterno noſtrum decurrere Phœbum:
Et juret minimis contentos noctibus Anglos.

Io. Tolson *Coll. Oriel. Præpoſit.*

NOn famæ Carolvm reddunt tua (Scotia) ſceptra:
Sed famæ ſceptrum Carolvs ipſe tuum.
Neve tuis ſurgit terris fælicior: ipſo
Principe, ſed fælix (Scotia) terra tua.
Curarum Regem unda premit, labor improbus urget:
Munera plebs tutæ ſola quietis habet.

Thomas Lennard, *Baronis de Dacre filius Coll. Merton.*

QVid memorẽ Nymphas, vacuo conamine, molles
Flentis Hylæ lachrymas ſiccantes crinibus udis?
Quid morer invitis? En tandem Carolvs ipſe
(Muſarum redamatus Hylas) ſpontè irruit ipſum

Parnaſſi in fontem; Muſasquè amplectitur iſtas,
Quæ viduatæ illo, lachrymas Heliconis amænis
Miſcebant vndis; mœſtam Niobemquè ſequutæ,
In lapides ibant, nondùm redeunte Patrono.
Sed quum quadrupedans reditûs ſonus uſquè Heliconis
Concuſſit latices, etiam ſaxa iſta fatentur
Setandem ſtupidum Niobes poſuiſſe dolorem;
Læta dehinc CAROLI Reducis monumenta futura.

ARTHVRVS ANNESLEY, *Franciſci Baronis de Monte-Norricio Filius natu Maximus, è Coll. Mag.*

SUrgite Parnaſſi tandem de fontibus udis
Muſæ, ſtillantes diſcutiatis aquas;
En Reducẽ veſtrũ CAROLVM Reducemq; patronũ,
Qui ſolet in veſtris nectere ſerta Comis.
Surgite, Pierides, doctoque incumbite penſo,
Cantantes medio gaudia miſta Choro:
Laſſatiſque Choris, ſaltèm pia vota ſuperſint,
Ut redeat patrios ſeriùs ad ſuperos.

ROB. ANNESLEY, *Franciſci Baronis de Monte-Norricio fil. natu ſecundus, è Coll. Mag.*

FAma refert, currum Solis Phaetonte regente,
Arctoas caluiſſe nives, æſtuquè furenti
Frigentem tepuiſſe polum; nec fama minora
Iam canit, Arctoas celatas pulvere terras,

Et

Et per ſtipatos congeſto è pulvere nimbos
Cedentes periiſſe viros; Quæ cauſa caloris?
Inſolitus gelidum Boream quis viſerit ignis?
Nec novus hic Phaeton rapidus per devia cœli
Ignipedes deflexit equos, non ignibus Arcton
Torruit inſolitis ſubjectâ lampade Phœbus,
Nec Ptolomæanæ vera eſt ſententia gentis
Luſtrari terras Phœbo propiore docentis;
Scotia jam gemino tepuit lætiſſima ſole,
CAROLVS adveniens (Phœbo lux gratior) illis
Reddidit ardorem, tenebras in lumina vertens;
Dum nos oppreſſi tenebris & nocte profundâ,
Bis gelidam perpeſſi hyemem lachrymiſque fluentes
Abſentem querimur CAROLVM, quem ſydera cœli
Deplangunt, vultus nebulis obducta ſerenos,
Fleverit abſentem gravidis quem nubibus æther,
Nec-non pallidior ſolitò Regina, Britannûm
Cynthia, conſpectu CAROLI viduata laborat.
At ſimul attonitas redeuntis Apollinis aures
Perſtrinxit Rumor, curas procul ire Minerva
Iuſſit, & ad vacuum Muſas Helicona reverti:
Scribimus hinc Iuveneſquè Seneſquè Poemata paſsim,
Et canimus junctim CAROLO pro ſoſpite Grates.

HENRICVS COVENTRY, *Thom. Coventry Magni Sigilli Angliæ Cuſtodis & Baronis de Fleſborough fil.*

Cur

CVr facies cœli pluviis obducitur? æstas
Inquè hyemem properat spicea, sole carens?
Cæsar abest; placidũ qui sub Ioue temperat annũ,
Et varios terris distribuit radios.
Hunc, velut absentem, deflêrunt omnia, solem:
Inde æther liquidus nil nisi nunc lachryma.
O redeas citius; Tu spes, Tu vita Britannis;
Fortunam populis (Dux bone) redde tuis.
Vt tuus affulsit vultus, Patriæ optime Custos,
Sol nitet & meliùs, gratior itquè dies;
Cunctaris nimiùm, votis precibusque vocatus;
Ominibus petimus Te quoque, (magna salus)

PAVLVS HOOD, *S.T.D. Rector Coll. Lincol.*

NOstra diù vestros quærebant lumina vultus,
(CAROLE) lassabant & pia vota Iovem:
Iupiter audivit Populique Patrumque loquelas,
Eccè redis salvus (Dîe Monarcha) tuis.
O multùm Dilecte Deo, Dilecte popello:
Quàm mens, vox, calamus, dicere gestit, Ave?

Nùnc hilares si quandò mihi date carmina Musæ,
Aptaque suavisono plectra movete lyræ:
Sospes hyperboreis remeavit Cæsar ab oris,
Vt renovet placidæ gaudia vera togæ.
Dii faciant postquàm lustrauerit ultima regni,
Hîc roseo æternum fundat ab ore jubar.

Ec

Εἰς ἄλοχον δῆμον τὲ πολὶν τὲ σαόπτολις ἦλθε
Κάρολος, εὐφροσύνῃ τέρψατε φύλα βρότων.
Οὐκέτι γαῖα Σκότων λεχθήσεται, ἀλλὰ φαείνων:
Ἣν λάμπρυνεν Ἄναξ Ἀθανατοῖσι φίλος.

Io: Wall, S.T.D. *Eccles. Cath. Christi Subdecanus.*

QVod intuenti fortè messores patri
Dixit puer, Caput meum, Caput meum,
Languente Carolo querela erat patrum,
Natorum, & omnium loqui valentium;
Lux nempè spiritusq; narium est suis
Vnctus Dei, cujus dolente vel pede
Non errat egerens dolor, Caput meum:
Cùm convalescat ergò tam charum Caput,
Nouæ Coronæ cùm nitore fulgeat,
Olei recentis gratiam spirans, cùm eat
Redeatq; lucidum Britanniæ jubar
Fælicitèr, populos beatificans duos,
Laudetur is qui dat Coronas Regibus,
Et sæpiùs pergat beare Carolvm;
Et sæpiùs novem sorores gratias
Plùs quàm semel menses agant infra novem.

H. P. S. T. D. *Coll. Trin. Soc.*

CAVSAS REGI EXPLICAT, CVR Cœlum Anglis pluvium permanſerit à primâ *eius verſus Scotos profectione.*

CVM peteres natale ſolum patrioſq; penates,
CAROLE, lux populi deliciæq; tui:
Ponè ſequens Phœbus (nec enim fuit antè planeta)
In Boream omiſſo carcere flexit equos.
Quemq; ſtetiſſe ferunt, Tu profers CAROLE, Hebræo
Diviſum imperium cum duce ſolus habens.
Quem, Te dum ſequitur, Cancro indignante ſtatutas
In Tropico metas præterijſſe ferunt.
Et Terras magis Auſtrales, Britonumq; penates
Lumine cum fugeret deſtituiſſe ſuo.
Æthereo ſic Cyclopi dum lumen ademptum eſt,
Ipſa ſuis oculis Anglia capta gemit.
Quis credat totâ terrâ Te erraſſe? Relicta
Scotia nam à tergo eſt, dum petis eccè Scotos.
Namq; tibi reditum vt maturet, CAROLE, facta eſt
* Scotia, quæ fuerat terra Britanna prius.

Σκοτία i.e. tenebræ.

RO. CHEDLE, S.T.D.
è Coll. Ieſ.

QVòd reducem, ſalvumq; ſuum videt Anglia Regem
Poſt iter inſuetum, difficileſq; vias;
Laus tibi Summe Deus, grates tibi Scotia, nobis
Quæ citò depoſitum reddis amica tuum:
Nec citò das tantùm: Scotico Diademate cinctum,
Biſq; Coronatum mittis ab orbe tuo.

Sic

Sic, quocunq; tuos tendis, Rex optime, greſſus,
Splendidior ſemper ſplendidiorq; redi.

IOANNES SAVNDERS *Med. Doct. Aul. Beat. Mar. Princip.*

INtempeſtivam ætatem nimiumq; madorem
Atq; ſuper ripas aucta fluenta ſuas,
Proſtratas pluviis ſegetes & ſemina merſa,
In vada converſas ſtagnaq; fœda vias
Deſine mirari; quid enim niſi nubila ſperes,
Dum Phœbus noſtri tàm procul orbis abeſt?
En redeunte æſtas redit, illa ſerenior ipſo
Phœbo Majeſtas cuncta ſerena facit.

PHILIPPVS PARSONS *Med. Doct. Aul: Ceruin: Principal: & Coll. Divi Ioan: Socius.*

NOn ego, cum vulgo, Reduci Tibi, CAROLE, plaudo:
Cur ita? non vnquam es viſus abeſſe mihi:
Nam quamvis hominum degat ſummotus ocellis,
Diffuſum toto credimus orbe Deum:
Tuq; Tuo, Princeps, imples duo numine regna:
Et nunc *Conſpicuum*, non *Reducem* colimus.

ALEX. HYDE *LL. Doct. Col. Nou. Soc.*

In Serenissimi Regis CAROLI *apud Scotos inaugurationem diu desideratam.*

QVàm serò Anglorum supplex diadema recepit?
Majestate suâ sat rediinitus erat.
Non nisi post annos, Scotiæ solennia poscit
Iura, novem; populi tutus amore sui.
Mox abit; & sese subducere mille triumphis
Regni & Reginæ compulit vnus amor.
Terrestrem qui sic didicit spreviſſe Coronam,
Cingat ei in cœlis sera corona caput.

THO. WHITE *Procurator sen.*

MAgne pater, cum te Scoti tenuere, relictos
Mœstitia Angligenas cepit, & Invidia.
Cum reduces Vultus tueamur, Vita reduci
Visa est, & Scotis Invidiam facimus.
Scilicet hoc CAROLI est metui, sed amarier vltrâ:
Id sceptro præstas, hoc pietate tuâ.

FREEMANNVS PAGE *Procurator Iun.*

SCotorum, Anglorumq; olim fuit æmula virtus:
Iamq; eadem est virtus; æmula jamq; manet.
Non tamen adversis, vt jamdudum, æmula signis;
Signifer in Regem sit nisi junctus amor.
Certat amor, CAROLVM nè Scotus mereatur, an Anglus:
Lis nulla assensu fervet amica pari.
Angla suum retinet vix dimissura Parentem;

Ni

Ni prenſet, Scota gens mox peritura, ſuum.
Angla Profecturo menſaſq; & compita ſternit:
Et longum Accepto gens Scota mulcet iter.
Nil CAROLI (vovet Angla) piis conatibus obſtet:
Cunctaq; per lætam protinùs alba Scotam.
Angla ardet ſtudio Reducis, Scotaq; oppidò reddit;
Oppidò; tam nullas nectere prona moras.
Quin, Scota, vicisti: recidit calor æmulus Anglæ.
Sufficiet victæ Rex modò, palma tibi.

TH. WALKER *Mag. Coll. Vniverſ.*

VT Sol Zodiacum percurrit menſibus æquis,
Atq; Æquatorem bis ſecat orbe ſuo.
A tropico Cancri ad Capricornum deuius errat:
Alternum Zonas luſtrat vtraſq; jubar.
Sic Tu percurris gentem (Rex inclite) noſtram,
Numine proſpiciens vtraq; regna tuo.
Æquator murus ſit Picticus: Anglia Cancer:
Scotia ſed fines det, Capricorne, tuos,
Et quoniam in Cancro Solis mora longior, Anglis
Imperii ſedes firmior eſto tuis.

ROB. EVRTON *S. T. B. ex æde Chriſti.*

VIſiſti Hiſpanas olim Rex advena terras,
Et reditum celebrant gaudia noſtra tuum.
Advena nimirùm fueras, nec dicere magnum eſt;
Non placuit forſan terra aliena tibi.

De Carolo quantùm nunc gaudeat Anglia! visit
Nempe suos Scotos, atq; redire potest.

Tho: Weekes S.T.B. Ioannens.

De Regis itinere, ad Regem.

Nec te viarum longitudo terruit,
Intrepide Princeps, nec maris pericula,
Quò minùs adires diffitas mundi plagas.
Te liquida vitreo *Doris* excepit sinu,
Salvumq; terris credidit Te *Gallicis*.
Non placuit hîc stetisse; sed vento ocyor
Aut fulmine, *Pyrenæa* transiliens juga,
Ad vmbilicum pervenis *Hispaniæ*,
Quà propior *Austro* Cancer exurit solum,
Æstuq; messes *Sirius* nimio coquit.
Post bina deinde lustra suspiciens ducem
Tua Te *Caledon*, exerit lætum caput,
Quà bruma glaciali æquor astringit gelu,
Et quà *Boötes* lucidas versat rotas.
Ita vtrumq; dum percurris *Europæ* latus,
Hinc frigidam Arcton, inde dum Tropicum premis,
Tu clara properè sidera ac nôsti polum:
Te clara serò sidera ac noscat polus.

De Reditu

Victor ab Arctoïs redeat cùm Carolvs oris,
Angligenasq; suos post tœdia longa revisat,
Este procul, procul hinc, mordentes pectora curæ.

En

En nobis panacea venit: Rex Carolvs ægra
Cordolia abſtergit; nihil Illo triſte recepto.
Nunc Genio libare juvat. Puer, ocyùs omnes
Diſtentas luſtra generoſo nectare cellas,
Ac veteri reple ſpumantia cymbia *Baccho*.
Nam neq; *Scipiades* victor *Carthaginis* altæ
Talis ad *Auſonias* venit poſt prælia turres;
Nec tamen *Atrides* fraternæ conjugis vltor
Tantus ad *Argolicas* rediit, poſt verſa, *Mycenas*,
Mænia *Dardaniæ*; quantus qualiſq; penates
Iſte redux geſtit *Trinobantum* viſere Princeps.
Quippe illi gladio gentes domuêre feroces:
Dirigit hic ſceptro populos ac pectora mulcet.
Illi cæde virûm belliſq; æterna parârunt
Nomina: hic exemplo gentes ac lege coërcet,
Clementèrq; regit, placiduſq; in pace triumphat.
Adde quòd ambobus victorum præmia palmæ
Contigerint ducibus, vel circum tempora lauri:
Carolvs at ſacrum circundans crinibus aurum
Dum redit, *Angligenis* & corda & vota coronat.
Hæc Regem meruiſſe ſat eſt. Nunc omnia circum
Exultent: nullo tantùm ſe *Scotia* cultu
Iactet, & ipſa ſuas mirabitur *Anglia* meſſes.

Alex. Gil *S.T.B. è Coll. Trinit.*

VIcino ſopita gelu, cæcoq; veterno
Ora Caledoniæ, tantos mirata calores,
Sole novo torret: ſed & horridus incola Thules

Æſtua

Æstuat, Insolito noctem pellente profundam
Phœbo, Qui tenebras geminatâ luce rependit.
Solstitium sperare libet solenne; verendum
Anglia tolle caput; tumidus sua jactet Iberus
Regna facem geminam cernentia; vertice summo
Sol tibi fixus adest, non descensurus in ævum.
Communis quas terra tulit, discordia gentes
Hostiles antiqua dedit; sed fœdere in vno
Conspirant, amplexa vnum tria Regna Monarcham.

R. M. *Coll. Ies. soc.*

SIc exulante noctis invisæ morâ
Desideratum gestit amplecti diem
Captivus æger; qualis adventu Tuo
Confusus Anglus Reducis Augustum Dei
Iubar obstupescit: Invidet Scotis Tui
Vices vel istas. Anxiè nunquam magis
Litata thura; tam frequens nunquam genu
Sensêre Templa; cuncta pro CAROLO suo
Negotiantur Angliæ suspiria:
Nihilq;, de Te quod queri possit, Tuus
Habet Popellus, præter has tantùm moras.
Quanquam intuenti patriam frontem tener
Transcriptus offert CAROLVS: haud illo tamen
Speculo acquiescit; gestit Archetypo frui,
Primoq; vultu. Gravida succenset Tibi,
Nimiasq; amico jurgio culpat moras
Conjux MARIA; traducem parui facit
Scotiæ Coronam, vix emet tanti novam.

Vide

Vide irruentis gaudium populi! Vide
Quanta obuiantûm puluis! Admittas, precor,
Pios tumultus: Gemina sic brevibus Patrem
Proles lacertis cingat, amplexu rudi,
Temeroq; turbans ora: sic fætæ latens
Onus Mariæ crescat, atq; auctu nouo
Genitorem adesse sentiat. Prodi decus,
Lumenq; Sceptri, cuius ingenti tumet
Dignata vultu Scotia, quem tanti facit
Vidisse vel sic: pectorum en fides Tibi
Cuncti recessus pandimus, rursus Tui:
Princeps Receptus par Coronato venit.

Guil. Cartwright A.B. ex Æde Christ.

FAma refert CAROLVM Scotos visisse; sed errat:
Anglos haud totus deserit ille suos.
Nempe illis pars magna fuit: sed pignora nobis
Maturi reditus Liberi & Vxor erant.
Quàm pia cura fuit? totus ne deserat Anglos,
Ecce Caledonios dimidiatus adit.

Thomas Tuer Art. Bac. Ioannensis.

NOn invidemus Scotiæ, quòd tam diu
Solem Britannum CAROLVM amplexa est suum:
O quàm beata mater est Albania,
Partuq; felix, quæ dedit nato vbera.

Et vagientem *Carolum* excepit ſinu,
Regum Supremum, ſed, quod eſt majus, Pium.
Matris relictæ rurſus vt gremio frui
Poſſet: ſolumq; , quod leui tetigit pede,
Plantis adultis premere, cunas & ſuas
Ardet videre: cura non Regni vigil,
Non lachrymantis Conjugis triſtes genæ,
Non inquietæ ſudor inſolitus viæ
Non fax diei torrida, atra aut pulveris
Nubes, peruſti ſicca tempeſtas ſoli,
Cohibent Euntem: tam Pio remora eſt nihil.
Scotia Coronâ cinxit auguſtum Caput,
Non jura tradens regni: haberes perperàm
Plures Coronas; pax tibi regnum vnicum,
Invicte, fecit: Filio ſed tam pio
Nobile βεβαίον alma donauit Parens.

R. Antrobus. è Coll. Mag. A. B.

ANglia torpuerat, lachrimis immerſa ſolutis,
Et laceras diſperſa comas, (ſic mæſtior omnem
Turpavit Phrygiam vultus, quùm dindyma ſacra
Liquit, & Almonem petijt turrita Cybelle:)
Tùm dixit, quonàm vſq; (ſoror), quonàm vſq; moraris
Gaudia, nec ceſſas noſtros eludere planctus?
Iam *Carolum* mihi redde meum, ſatiauit avaros
Dudùm oculos, denſoq; tulit ſolatia vulgo.
Lætitiâ exundans, jam cana cacumina ſoluit
* Grampius in lachrimas; ſalientibus undiq; lymphis
Indigenam petijt fælix * Bodotria regem.

* Guantzbaine.
* Edenborough frith.

Hactenùs

Hactenùs ô tenuisse sat est; plaga vestra paravit
Infanti CAROLO *cunas*, sed nostra *coronam*
Prima dedit. CAROLVM ne tellus invida nostrum
Detineas vltrà, quem nutrix flagitat Aula,
Quem Proceres, Populusq; petunt: Te frigore pigro
Infestat Boreas, mulcet me lenior Aura:
Non mite ingenium CAROLI decet aspera tellus,
Sed molles venti, & placidi clementia cœli.
Redde ô Languentem; ne vester turbidus aer
Aut Oris decus aut vegetos vitiaverit Annos.
Vix dum finierat; Fama albis concita pennis
Adventare refert, Reducemq; celebriùs effert.
Ad murmur genialetubæ, sublime profundis
Protulit ex vndis Thamesis caput, indè ruentes
Prospexit populos, paritèr solatia matri
Reddidit, agnatis jacuit quæ languida ripis.
Tolle oculos (venerande parens) vultumq; serenum:
Disce, Caledonijs redijt jam sospes ab oris
Carolus ecce tuus, dilataq; gaudia mandat
Exercere Redux: en vulgus stipat euntem,
Prævolat hinc, illinc sequitur, lætatur vtroq;.
Nonne vides, vbi rege tumens Sessore superbit
Cornipes exultans, & pulchrior erigit armos
Conscius advecti Domini; mea prata videntur
Calcanti ridere, suumq; agnoscere regem.
Floridior (quâ carpit iter) gratantia rura
Ditat honos, apicemq; humilis summittit arista
Rectorem venerata suum: nunc Anglia surge,
Stipata *Oxonij* Musis, occurre volanti;
Lassatum accipies gremio, gratoq; tenebis

Arctius amplexu, ne regno cedere rursus
Ipse suo cupiat, flentemq; relinquere matrem.

Geo. Ashwell A. B. è Coll. Wadh.

PHosphore redde diem, nimiũ nox longa Britannis:
Subductum nobis exere Phœbe jubar.
Clarius vt Phæbo numen spectemus, vt ipsa
Vita salusq; adsit, CAROLE, redde diem.
Nubila sit cœli facies, sit nigra licebit
Tempestas: sudum, Te redeunte, redit.

Ἐκ Σκοτίης μέγ' ἔλαμψε φόως: ὡς ψεύσατο φήμη,
Ἥτις ἔφην ἀγαθὸν μηδὲν βορέῃθεν ἱκέσθαι;

IO. SCOT *ex Æde Christi.*

NOn sic Penelopen redux Vlysses
Solatur, madidumve Sol refulgens
Campum: vt cor populi tui reversus
Tutò tu exhilaras, prius dolentis.
Non per viscera Ponti iniquioris
Sulcâsti fragili viam triremi:
Non solus per agros inhospitales
Errâsti, aut populi solum remoti:
Sed magnâ comitante Te cateruâ,
Per mites (populumq; mitiorem)
Ivisti patriæ tuasq; glebas.
Horremus tamen, atq; amænitatem
Telluris, superat timor perîcli.
Tellurem, populum, viam timemus;

Quanquam

Quanquam nil ſupereſt timere, ſed jam
Quod nobis timidis redis, redimus
Nobis, Tecum animos diu vagantes
Componis, pede ſtrictiore tutum
Læto & carmine gratulantur hi, qui
Nuper ſunt pede libero precati.

I. GROVE *Coll. Wadh. Com.*

DVM Scotorum agros, clara incunabula patrum,
(CAROLE magne) petis; Tecum diſcedere tota
Anglia viſa tua eſt: neq; enim poſt terga relicti
Vſq; adeo ceſſant, vt non meliore laborent
Parte ſequi; & votis ſacræ ſe jungere turbæ.
Sic populo ſtipatus abis, quem candida virtus
Tutaſſet nudùm. Quanto es ſuſceptus honore,
Iactabunt comites: Maioris penſa triumphi
Te, mea Muſa, manent. En retrò flectit habenas
CAROLVS; & terram versùs, populumq; relictum
Acri fertur equo. Thetidos ſic tinctus in vndis
Sol remeat, radijſq; novis illuminat orbem.
Vndiq; viſendi ſtudio plebeia turba
Concurſat, vicuſq; omnis ſcintillat Ocellis.
Præterit ille omnes: quippe ardet conjugis ora
Spectare; & molles, dulciſſima pignora, natos.
Ecce tener Reducem, ſummiſſo poplite, Patrem
Aggreditur princeps, & quo licet ore ſalutat.
Parva quoq; in gremio nutricis ſtrata Maria
Sidereos oculos genitoris tollit in ora;

Et visa est blando risu cognoscere patrem.
Hæc certatim illi. Sed mellitissima conjux
Hæret in amplexu, fragrantiaq; oscula figit.
Fallor? An & charum latitans sub pectore pondus
Sentit, & exiguo nisu gestire videtur?
Dum rura exultant, dum regia tota triumphat,
Pieriæ non est fas obmutescere turbæ,
Aut tacito gaudere sinu; quæ Carolo in vno
Et Regem juxtà sentit, mitemq; Parentem.
Ergo viue Redux, vigilum pia cura deorum,
Dulce decus populo, Phœbiq; nepotibus almum
Præsidium; donec mors lenta & sæpè vocata
Pertæsum terræ, & sceptris potioribus auctum
In natale solum, cælestiaq; arva reducat.

Edvard. Higham Art. Bac. Coll. Wadh.

AVdire Scloposjam videor sacro
AVE Boantes CAROLO;
Regis reversi flammea dum bono
Sacrantur ora nuntio.
Iam non minaci murmure fulminant
Diro referti pulvere,
At nunc salutem (Rex) tibi cum tuis
Congratulantur omnibus:
Zeloq; quodam fervere crederes
Sacris repletos ignibus;
Ingratus essem, plus quoq; ferreus,
Si Te tacerem, CAROLE:

cuius

Cujus regreſſus nobile laminis
χαῖρε expedivit ferreis.

Guilielmus Wallwyn, è Stᵗ Ioan Bapt. Coll.

QVòd nullis temerata Terga vinclis,
Sed Pacis ſociale ducis agmen;
Quòd ſacrum Diadema tranſtuliſti,
Multo pulvere, ſed cruore nullo:
Quam Dextræ, Capitique præſtiterunt,
Optamus Reducis Pedi ſalutem:
Tandem naribus excipit ſupinis
Nativam ſonipes reverſus auram:
Et lætum revehens onus Britannis,
Terram pervolat ungulis citatis.
Sceptrum (CAROLE) prome, quod tuliſti;
Sceptrum Conjugis in ſinu repone;
Longi quo pretium ferat doloris.
Te Regina dolens, utroque Nato
Vidit, quam potuit, Tui figuram:
Et quaſſans manibus puſilla membra,
Figit Baſia CAROLO ſub Iſtis.
Hi vultum Patris exprimunt MARIÆ,
Sed neuter poterat referre Sponſum:
Quem plangens oculi fluentis imbre,
Vagitum teneris ciet Puellis;
Illi mox queritantur Hanc, & Illum.
Reddas (ô Scote) Principem Britanno,
Reddas tramite mollium viarum:

Error

Error ſi Trivii, putreſvè ſulci,
Clivi aut difficiles terant quadrigam;
Si pulvis niger, efferuſvè Turbo
Incurſet Reducem, morasque nectat,
Vix, quam contuleras, Corona penſet;
Nec Feſſum (Scote) Principem Remittas:
Fœlix Hoſpitio ſatìs, Remittas.
Nullæ blanditiæ, diemquè pompæ
Fallentes, remoram ſtruant Eunti.
Sat Natalicio locis dat Iſtis.
Qui luſit Crepitaculis Scotorum,
Iam Sceptrum quatit; imparesqué Cunas
Mutavit Solio: Novum Corona
Non Regnum dedit, at Tributa ſolvit:

Mauritius Berkley ex Æde Ch. Alum.

QVid licèt occiduos noſtrum terreſtre recedat
Numen ad Hiſpanos? horreſcere turgida ſævi
Neſciit Oceani: Tanta eſt fiducia juſti!
Meta viæ Regis noſtri licèt ultima Thule,
Non metuit reditum: non obſtant dura viarum,
Non incerta maris. Neptunum non mare novit,
Non alium Tellus dominum. Diſcrimine ab omni
Major adeſt, CAROLVM faciuntquè pericula tutum.

G. Dobſon Coll. Reg. Alumnus.

Rex

REx, Σωτὴρ Musa nostra nuper
Sanato cecinit Tibi; salutem
Iam nostram canimus; Dolore Regnum
Effætum fuit, Insulamquè penè
Hanc mersit lachrymis tumens ocellus:
Sed cum Te Reducem suas in oras
Vidissent Britones, refugit ipsum
Vel nomen miseri doloris; ardent
Iam flammis oculi piis amoris:
Nostram vertis aquam Redux in ignem;
Et fulgent hilari rogo plateæ,
Quæ nuper liquidæ fuêre fletu.
Hinc Princeps tibi sit salus perennis:
Nec linquas iterum Angliæ Penates:
Multum Vitæ habeas, Viæquè paulum.
Non rursus vacui Thori querelam
Aut noctem viduam ferat MARIA;
Cujus lachrymulam genæqúè guttam
Vix sceptro Soliove vis paciſci.
Te, Princeps, Crepitaculis relictis,
Plangit, Te nimiùm deesse, plangit;
Qui vitæ trahit auctiora fila
Crescendique minuta, Te videndo.
Adsis Huic Tenero placens Regendi
Exemplar: CAROLVM docere nemo
Scit præter CAROLVM; Tuæ sit Hæres
Virtutis citò seriusquè Regni.

Richardus West, ex Æde Chr.

DE Quòd

QVuòd tam ſereno aſpexit ſolum
Vultu, graveſque nubibus ſpicas bonus
Dextrâ levavit Iupiter; quòd jam Ceres
Pleno refulgens cornu inauravit comas:
Mirare? cordi eſt qui Iovi, CAROLVS redit.
Quo jàm recepto melior it populo dies;
Quo jàm recepto gratior meſſis nitet.
At tu ſub Arcto, frater, hybernâ, ſemèl
Vidiſſe gaude CAROLVM; fœlix ſatis
Semèl videndo tam ſacrum ſuperis caput:
Iterumquè quò ſis dignus hoc Spectaculo,
Abſente CAROLO fac piè CAROLVM colas.

A. Wright, Ioan.

CAROLVS uſquè Redux? iterumq; revertit in oras
Anglorum, ſalvus? Cui non Hiſpana nocebat
Terra, ferox olim, populoq; elata ſuperbo;
Sed Tibi quòd mitis, quòd Te non, CAROLE, læſit,
Terra ſuperba magis: Tanto, per regna Scotorum
Nulla nociva via eſt; haud ulla pericla, Britannos,
Atque ſuos inter, naſcuntur. CAROLE, fida
Cum loca ſint, peregrina, Tibi; quàm fida gubernas?
Heu! quotiès languens inopinâ morte Viator,
Miſcet Telluri cineres, & pulveris ipſam
Auget Eques molem! ſed veſtrum, CAROLE, tutum
Securumque iter eſt. Omnis Tibi proſpera tellus,
Atque omnis Tibi ſana fuit: Via nulla Latinæ,
Nullaque Flaminiæ ſimilis; non ulla timere

Aut

Aut meminisse facit mortis: sed lactea quævis,
Sed fœlix, summo qualisque sit apta Tonanti.
Alma subindè dies fulget, Te (CAROLE) nata,
Te redeunte dies; factusque à Cæsare pulvis
Desinit in faustam lucem. Lætere MARIA,
Hic est Ille Tuus, quem non Scotus atque Corona
Detinuêre; moras rumpit, pennasque marito
Vestrî nectit amor, Tu maxima Gemma Coronæ es,
Et sine Te non Ipsa placet: quasi gloria nulla
Auratæ moli, Capiti nec fulgor adesset,
Ni Tuus addatur, properat: pompamque Scotorum
Effugit, vt cernat meliorem in Conjuge formam.
Dum tamen à nostris discedere, CAROLE, terris,
Solum Te Diadema movet; malisque manere
Ni Scotiæ suasisset Amor, ni cura Coronæ:
Sit fesso Tibi tuta quies; Consortia divûm
Ni cupias, hîc fige pedes, hîc certus adesto.
Omni, præterquàm Nostræ, Te, CAROLE, Terræ
Invideo, vix Te possum concedere Cœlis.
Aut Cœli Vestrum capiant, aut Anglia numen.

Ioh. Maplet, ex Æde Chr. Alum.

VSque adeò correpta sibi solatia luget
Anglia, Divulsique sui flet lumina Phœbi?
Iam, nimium Tamesis viduatus pondere sacro,
Æstuat irati tristi sub mole doloris.
In vitreo aspexi pallentes carcere tivos,
Invida plorantes lachrymoso hoc murmure fata.

Ah nimiùm differt venturæ gaudia lucis!
Ardet in obſequium Tameſis; vectorq; futurus,
Anxius expectat redituro Rege triumphos.
Hæc Fluvii ambitio eſt: felicia fata Tüædæ
Invidet, auguſtæ ſurgenti mole carinæ.
Nunc ſatis ô! ſenſêre jubar confinia Regni,
Et Scota Gens, denſis quam ſors damnaverit vmbris,
Et brevibus radiis. Noſtros Phœbea reviſet
Stella Lares, notas ſedes, & paſcua grata:
Numine ſic afflata novo Gens enthea vatum,
Phœbi ex vicino Lumen ſibi Lumine ſperant.

DVDLEIVS DIGGES *A.B. ſoc. Coll. Om. Anim.*

BIs nobis faciem ſubtraxit Phœbus amicam;
Vt foret expertis, lux nobis grata, tenebras.
Sed jam Solſtitium petimus: Præſentia poſthæc
Sit quaſi perpetuus Reditus; fingamus abeſſe,
Si jubeas iterum reditu nos eſſe beatos;
Veraq; mentitæ producant gaudia curæ;
Nec conſtent populo, Regis ſudore, triumphi.

GVL. RVSSEL. *Wad. Coll. Equitis aurati & Baronetti filius.*

TAndem popelli CAROLE refutas metus,
Dubiæq; ſalvus diſſecas nodos ſpei:
Iam Te Britannis ſentias charum Tuis,
Qui Te carendo tam brevi meliùs ſciunt
Præſente quanti ſit frui Te, abſens Tibi

Pretium

Pretium addidiſti : gratiorem ſic diem
Lucemq; nigror Noctis oppoſitæ facit.
Nec Scotia totum Te habuit; aliquantum Tui
Domi relictum Regii Conſors thori
Pregnans MARIA tenuit : hæc magni Patris
Generoſa proles capſulâ nondum ſacri
Exuta ventris, languidam novit tamen
Firmare Patriam, quaſq; non habuit, dare
Vires : Quid hæres Albion ? Princeps Tuus
Dum Te coronis ditat & Sceptris nouis,
Regina ditat Regibus, & vtero ferax,
Quæ Sceptra geſtent, CAROLO indulget Manus.
MARIA in vlnas dum obvii properat Viri,
Captetis omen ab vtero, Ancillans cohors;
Non Ipſa ſentit Mater, intenta in Virum,
Tumultuantem Regulum & lætum Patre
Redeunte: Numen, CAROLE, agnoſcit Tuum
Tenellus Infans: quicquid adventu Dei
Baptiſta quondam præcocis ſaltùs dedit
Materno in vtero, præſtat & Proles Tua
Tibi: ſummus vtrinq; auctor; Hi ſaltus Iovem
Gratantur, Illi Cæſarem; hos ſaltus dedit
Vatum futurus Maximus; at illos (agam
Et Ipſe vatem) Maximus Regum. Cave,
Regina Tibi dum reddito frueris Viro,
Ne geſtientis pectoris tumeat nimis
Penetrale caſtum, nì citiùs æquo ſacrum
Expellat vteri pondus ingeſtus Tibi
Lætitiæ Acervus, & Viro exultans, fleas
Prolem peremptam; ſic metum impellet novum

Fugando veterem CAROLVS, & illas redux
Renovabit, absens quas dedit, Curas, suis:
At damna tanta nec, Scotia, penset Tuum
Diadema; regno viliùs noster queat
Scotico carere CAROLVS, quàm nos Tuo,
Maria, partu; Quem Pater memorans, solo
Nescit teneri Patrio; nescit diù
Tardare Reducem *Carolum* Regni novum
Insigne Scotici; non juvant sceptra extera,
Ni interfit Anglis: Scotia Tu Regem creas
Faciſq;, recipit Anglia & tenet: sic sic juvat
Latè Imperare CAROLVM; Acquiras nova,
Rex magne, volumus, Sceptra non Sedes: Tui
Vterq; Regni terminet fines Polus,
At sit Britanna terra Metropolis Tibi.

R. SWAYNE *ex Æde Chr. Alumn.*

AN luctuosis Compita ritibus
Denso popellus circuit agmine:
Mundive compago soluta
Concitat has peritura flammas?
Aut aliquis magnâ supremùm voce cietur,
Cui respondet pontus, & æther?
Non est timendum. Stat suo loco cœlum;
Neq; sanguineis pectora palmis
Laniata jacent: nulla cicatrix.
Nimirùm ad aures detulit ventus levis
Gratissimum suspirium,
CAROLVM Magnum rediisse: nullis

Tristium

Triſtium indutum exuviis Scotorum,
Aſt olivis,& duplici coronâ
Tempora cinctum.
Illi tanta vagæ ſinuoſa volumina flammæ
Læta caterva dicat.
O qualis facies ! O quales lumina flammæ
Accendunt ! tali ſidere,Phœbe,micas
Poſt ortum,noſtras inviſens pulchrior oras:
Non clariore vultu,
Non fronte mitiore,
Almus redibat olim
Victis Lyæus Indis.
Salue CAROLE Rex ! ô quibus artibus
Auges obſequium, & fidem,tuorum !
Pœne mihi Tecum ſolatia rapta,per æquor
Hiſpanas peteres cùm clam fidentior oras,
Charior vt nobis fieres Majorq; receptus.
At,Tu,cùm redeas poſt tędia, CAROLE,longa
A Scoticis magè ſplendidus oris;
Qualis,Quantus eris,cùm noſtro ſerior ævo
Nativum aſcendes,à quo demiſſus,Olympum?
Procede Regum Maxime,CAROLE,
Præſenſq; Numen Curia ſentiat,
Foveatq; jam tandem MARIA
Incolumem CAROLVM Maritum;
Parvuſq; incipiat riſu dignoſcere Patrem
Ludens in Aulâ CAROLVS.

ED. MAROW *Nov. Coll. ſoc.*

Ergo

ERgo impleamus jam prece fervidâ
Quodcunq; templum, thureq; publico
Et victimis intaminatis,
Sacrificas oneremus aras.
Sed non regressum pertimui tuum,
Vbi probasti, posse recedere
Te (CAROLE) Hispanis ab Oris
Incolumi salubriq; Fato.
Perambulatis Finibus exteris
Hîc hîc moreris, jamq; diu tuâ
Præsentiâ reddas beatos:
Pace Tuâ celebres Britannos.
Non vsitato lumine fulgidus
Splendescit aer, Flammaq; Publica
Ostendit ignitos amores;
Atq; animos hilares Popelli.
Erit Britannis hæc via Regia,
Quæ sustinebat pondus amabile,
Quamq; Rex inauratis beâsti
Curribus, Egregius Viator.

HVMF. GREENE *Ioannens.*

Ad Reginam subtristem de absente Rege.

CVr Phœbe Eclipsin pateris? Cur nubila palles?
Inter Me & Phœbum Scotica *Terra* jacet.

R. *Pretty A.B. Coll. Oriel. Soc.*

ACcipe, cerne tuum quantumvis *Scotia* Regem,
Tange Soror notam, *Scotia* tange manum;
Hoc tibi jure damus quòd geſtabas, quòd alebas,
Daſq; quòd abſenti quòdque remota fidem:
At fruere hoc CAROLO, totâque libidine voti
Si ſapis, & dextram hanc oſcula denſa premant:
Namque iterum haud patimur noſtris divellier oris,
Quicquid vis dicas *Scotia*, non patimur.

Gentes per proprias, ſed has remotas,
Aut nullo, aut alio ſitas ſub aſtro,
Ut cingat patriâ caput coronâ,
Regnum CAROLVS ipſe, parque pignus
Conſortem thalami procul relinquens
Migrat; noctium item, ſed & dierum
Multarum patitur moras: Aviti
O quantum poteras Amor popelli!
Nam quænam fuerit corona tanti
Poſſes, *Scote*, licèt dediſſe quintam?

AD REGEM.

Uxorem ut cernas longinquos pergis ad Auſtros
Regna fatigatis *Gallica* menſus equis:
Ut liceat tandem nutricem cernere gentem,
Ad Boream pergis nunc aliumque polum:
O quam fixa ſedet, quid non tua pectora coget
Iſthæc cura duplex Conjugis & Populi!

T. Lockey Art. Mag. ex Æde Chriſti.

QUis nitor à Boreâ? an magno præfulgurat Imbri,
Nec premere humentem ceſſat Saturnius annum?
An rediit Sueco ſua Stella? & Cepheis ardet,
Sublimi ſpargens animoſum lumen ab Arcto?
An (ſi quod majus terris & certius omen
Dii dederunt) *Scotico* remeantem cernimus orbe
Ingentem CAROLVM? ſalve lux aurea! ſalve,
Tot rea votorum, delaſſatura tot aras!
Flore replete vias, & odoris aëra ventis
Angligenæ, æra tonent, reſponſet vocibus æther.
Quam juvat, Arctôo formoſam pulvere turbam,
Spectare Proceres? habituſque moraſque locorum
Scitari? quem *Trenta* ſuo, lætiſſimus amnis,
Donârit Domino Piſcem, quo murmure magnus
Humber adorârit: quo vultu exceperit *Vrum*,
Vrus Eboracum & cunabula *Conſtantini*
Oſtentans, Regumque domos; cui nunc quoq; lucet
Inter arundineas Aurum Regale Coronas.
Antiqui gaudete Lares, gaudete *Britannûm*
Armati Manes, CAROLO veniente reſurgit
Urbis honos, veteréſque auget nova gloria ſedes.
Tu quoque *Romulei* lambens veſtigia valli,
Tina, clues doctus, Regi dignuſque placere.
Nec tamen Ille dapes laudat, menſamque ſuperbam
Naturæ ſpoliis, & opimi numine *Bacchi*,
Sed lætos vultus, atque addictiſſima corda.
Hæc ſunt magnorum immortalia fercula Regum.
At neque te dubiæ *Berovicum* in margine ripæ
Fama ſilet, duplicis quondam confinia Regni.
Hîc, brevis æſtivo dum nox urgetur ab axe,
Et mulcet placidus regalia pectora ſomnus,

Ante

Ante oculos ſpecies auguſta, & virgo videri
Conſurgit tacitis *Tuedæ* trepidantis ab undis.
Rex *Scotiam* agnovit: picta nam veſte rigebat
Grampius, & plumbo ductæ fulſêre Paludes,
Quas inter liquido ceu Gemma inſerta metallo,
Crebra ſubinfuſum diſtinxerat Inſula Pontum.
Servabant Dominæ latera & veſtigia junctæ
Hebrides Orcadibus, neque deerat lucida Thule.
Hæc in adorato figens pia lumina Rege
Sic infit. Salve ô proaviti gloria Sceptri,
CAROLE, grate mihi quantum non ſpica Colono,
Non geminus Nautæ Caſtor, non Nympha Marito.
Ten' ego, Te teneo, Tantum, Talémque? Boni Dii!
Sufficit: his olim naſcens exceptus in ulnis
Implebas feſtam magnis vagitibus Aulam.
His genibus nullo jam tum Diademate ruptos
Carpebas ſomnos; gemino nunc conſpicor Auro
Fulgentem. Sic à domito *Pythone* recepit
Læta coronati *Delos* nova numina *Phœbi*;
Cretáque ſortitum cœleſtia regna Tonantem:
Nec pudeat *Scotiæ*, Princeps, fidiſſima corda
Nutrit, & armatas generoſo robore mentes.
Has Aquilæ fugêre manus, verſisque maníplis
Colla *Quirinales* trepidè flexêre *Dracones*:
Cùm *Mars Romanus* quæſitæ in limite terræ
Erubuit nudo Murum prætendere Picto.
Nec ceſſit virtus ævo: neque *Martia* tantùm
Turba ſumus; nulla ingeniis ad cuncta paratis
Uberior Terra eſt, neque quam plus *Phœbus* amârit.
Qualem ego mulcentè hos Montes, Sylvaſq; ſequaces
JACOBVM vidi Juvenem? dum Carmine Regum

Cantando Pueris, Crucibus ſubmittere Lunas
Gaudet, & *Ionio Turcam* ſepelire profundo.
Quæ Vir dictârit, peregrinæ dicite Gentes,
Regalíque ſtylo *Roma* exarmata. Valeto
Muſarum Deus, & pacis Pater, Ingeniique.
At Tu, *Pacifico* ſolus par CAROLE Patri,
Ingredere, & *Scotiæ* modicos cape lætus honores,
Purpuram, & hanc multo geſtatam Rege Coronam;
Vota quoque: ut CAROLO ſerò des iſta ſecundo.
Sic reducem dulci recrëet ſplendore MARIA,
Sic longo foveas duplicem, duo ſydera, prolem
Amplexu, & populo ſemper nova Gaudia portes.

THO. MASTER *Art. Mag.*
Nov. Coll. Socius.

TINA *Caledonios* qui propter-laberis Agros,
Et tu *Vedra* Pater, qualis ſpectacula Pompæ
Vidiſtis, dum fulmineo *REX CAROLVS* inter
Vectus equo Turmas, Unus ſupereminet omnes?
Quis roſeæ Cervicis honos? Quæ Gloria Frontis?
Oraque Majeſtas quanta induat? Vtque relictâ
Spe fragili, Propriis Virtutibus impleat Orbem,
Ille Suos tandem *Scotos*, Gentemque revifit
Belligeram, Populumq; oriundum Sanguine Divûm:
Albana huic Pubes, huic ſervit Regia *Thule*:
Et circumfuſis quod *Tethys* diluit Vndis,
Libera inoffenſo recipit ſua Vincula collo.
Nec ſatis *Anglorum* eſt illi conſidere Regno,
Deliciaſque Suas *Londinum*, Urbeſque videre
Regales, Turreſque, admotaque Culmina Cœlo;

Ille

Ille Suam repetit Patriam, Incunabula Gentis
Divinæ, Generiſque admiſti Heröibus olim.
Hîc *Geniumque* Loci colit, æternumque Cubile
Magnanimûm Regum, ſtupet hîc ingentibus Armis:
Hîc Proavorum ingens Decus admiratur, & Annos:
Ductaque per longas ſeries dum Stemmata ſpectat,
BALLIOLOS, BRVSIOSQVE ſimul conjungit in uno.
Ac ubi jam primas Vitales hauſerat Auras,
(Immiſſas Auras divino numine,) Geſtit
Oſtentare Suis tanti Molimina Regni,
Et quàm ſufficiant in tot, Sua Regna, Triumphos.
Hunc alata ſuis Victoria circuit Armis.
Famaque, quæ ſemper ſolet affulgentibus Alis
Spectari inſignis, Regem comitatur Ovantem.
Primùm *EDINBVRGVM* petit ille, * *Alataque Caſtra:*
Ille *Puellare* & *Caſtrum*, *ARTHVRIQVE Cathedram*
Attonitus primis Loca ſpectat conſcia Cunis.
Atque novo Proprios Præſens jam Sole *Britannos*
Irradiat, *minimâ contentos nocte Britannos.*
Utque Suas Leges, & Municipalia Iura,
Et Populi Mores, & Relligionis Honorem
Intactum obſervat, jam dulcis Conjugis Ora
Cogitat, & Sedem Regni, Teneroſque Relictos,
Pignora Conjugii, Natos; Queîs, CAROLE, Salvis
Fauſta tibi acclamant Vota, æternoſque Triumphos
ANGLIGENVM Populi ſpondent, atq; Omina Læta.
Et jam magna Deûm Proles, *REX INCLYTE*, Salve;
Poſtque ſalutatos *Scotos*, Gentemque Tuorum,
Notitiaſque Tui Regni, Magnumque iter actum,
Ponimus æternas Tibi noſtris Sedibus Aras.

* *Edinburgum, πλεῤῥωτὸν στρατόπεδον Ptolomæo Geograph. lib. 1. cap. 3.*

ΧΑΙΡ' ΗΜΙΝ ΤΑΙΗC ΤΗΑΤΟΝ ΚΡΑΤΟC ΑΝΤΩΝΙΝΕ.

GUIL. BURTON. *LL. L. Aul. Glouceſt.*

NOn bello dimiſſus ades: repetisvè relictos,
CAROLE, longinquo miſſus ab orbe, lares.
Implorat Muſas majoris gloria palmæ,
Majoriſque urget relligionis opus.
Patria Te reddit: procerumque amplexibus exis
Liber, & excuſſo victor amore redis.
Digna ſatis dederim, ſi victor ab hoſte redîſſes:
A Patriâ reducem quâ pietate colam?

THO. TERRENT *Art. Mag.*
ex Æde Chriſt.

CUm primùm rutilus verno Sol igne caleſcens,
Fœcundos radios mundo diffundit ovanti,
Terra ſimul Sponſi reditu lætata, nitentes
Induit ornatus, & ſertis arva coronat.
Tum quæ mærentes hyemis torpore rigebant
Sylvicolæ plantæ, decuſſis frondibus orbæ,
Jam vegetæ factæ, in ſuetos renovantur amictus;
Et viridi pompâ certatim ſydus adorant.
Haud aliter nobis (Cæſar) langueſcere viſis
Diſceſſûs mærore Tui; jam numine fretis
Proximiore Dei, redit in præcordia virtus;
Jam grato ingenij ſurrecti flamine, mentes
Excutimus reſides: & quas in carmina vires
Munere ſuſcipimus veſtro, perſolvimus aris.
Nam quis (non tali Genio adſpirante Camœnis)
Speraret demens tantos æquare triumphos
Cantu, aut in meritum potis eſt aſſurgere carmen?
Quis lautos in iter ſumptus, largoſque paratus
Explicet, aut ſtrepitus feſtos, & ſtrata viarum?

Quis

Quis satis, insignes, & dignos Rege profectus
Expediet, cùm Magnatum stipante catervâ
Aggredereris iter? procerum delecta juventus
Frænatis lucens in equis læto agmine gestit.
Quisve pios populi fremitus, fidosque tumultus
Rite recensebit? Mens omnibus una sequendi;
Et comites irent humiles, nisi tanta citanti
Turba molesta foret, pietásque obstaret amori.
At (quantum licitum est) animis comitantur euntem,
Delicias Superûm, cœlumque in vota fatigant.
Nec gratis, quippè & sibimet se cuncta precari
Læta sciunt (Auguste) tuam exoptando salutem.

HEN. BEESLEY, *Art. Mag.*
Ex Aula S. Albani.

FOEdatum nebulis cœlum, æstatemque madentem
Brumali nimbo, & guttis pluvialibus auctos
Plus solito fluvios quereris? Nos noster *Apollo*
Deserit, inque Arctum propiori sydere tendit.
Regibus Astra duces; illis imitabile cœlum est:
Ut superus, sic & *Borealia* signa pererrans
Sol *Britonum* Cancri chelas transcurrit, & inde
Retrogradus factus languentem recreat Austrum.
Aspicis ut rident campi! ut densantur aristæ!
Æquior en tellus frugum dat larga colono
Fœnora, temperiemque agnoscit amicior æstas.
Dicite at, ô *Britones*, pietas ubi vestra, calorque?
Fervere quæ solita est Ecclesia, frigida vota
Ob reditum fundit, rarique advolvimur aris.
Nempe precum fervor, nempe ipsa Ecclesia languet,

Dum

Dum, CAROLI totiès Reducis ſecura, triumphat:
Hoſtis at inſidiæ ſuſpiria fortia cogunt.
Tum calidos gemitus, tum vota virilia fudit
Anglia, cùm *Hiſpani*, & morbi properaret ad oras:
Nunc patrijque *Lares*, cognataque *Scotia* Regem
Accipiunt læti tutum, mœſtique remittunt.
Oſcula quæ? quos amplexus feret horula? Dulcis
Obviat en conjux: ſecum ſpes tertia Regni.
Spectatum præeunt plebs ruſtica, Nobilis, Heros:
Ponè ſubit *Pallas*, partuſque imitata paternos;
Conſecrat hunc cerebri fœtum tibi, *Cæſar*, alumnum.

THO. LLOYDE *LL.*
Bac. Ioan.

AT hic coarctat Carcer anguſtus Deos?
Hominumque leges invidæ Superos premunt?
Nec adeſſe tam propitius & præſens ſuis
CAROLUS *Britannis* omnibus poterat ſimul?
At ſacra Regnis cura ſuffecit Tribus,
Complexa molem Patriæ, toti vigil
Quæ debet orbi lumina, impendit Suo.
Luſtrabat arces hæc *Caledonias* priùs,
Et ut patentis Inſulæ anguſto nimis
Pariete caſtigata perrupit fretum,
Feramque *Iernen* viſit, & placidè regit.
Ut Divus iſta præſtat, Arctoam plagam
Quam Sol iniquâ tranſit obliquus face,
Benigniori rectus è plauſtro fovet.
At par *Britanno* pectus imperio tamen
Suas patitur anguſtias, dum Te Soror

Æmula

Æmula Sorori, Regna Regnis invident,
Piiſque certant Partium ſtudiis, utra
Magis placerent: nec tamen querimur Deos.
Sacros abeſſe Luminum Radios juvat,
Præſentiorem mox recepturos *Iovem*:
CAROLO carere, Tantus ut redeat, juvat.
Sed nec Corona quòd *Caledonia* ambiit
Primum *Britannis* atque adorandum Caput,
Et nunc bis Auro Tempus affulſit ſacro,
Tantus videris, accidit prius hoc Patri.
At hæc quòd Ipſe Sceptra ſubjiciens Deo
Divina reſtauras pio conamine,
Tantus videris: major es, Cœlo minor,
Mundi Monarchâ: Eccleſiæ antiquum decus
Sic ſic reducas; Cana Te ſub Principe
Moveat lacertos Mater, & primos virens
Meditetur ignes: Langueat populi furor,
Eodem Eidem tota gens cultu litet.

R. L. *Coll. Ieſu Socius.*

EXpectate diu, Rex Auguſtiſſime, nobis
Redderis, & noſtris rediiſti, CAROLE muſis:
Anglorum Cæſar, muſarum verus *Apollo*.
O quanti ante omnes vultu ſpectantur *Athena*,
Semianimi vultu; dum vita ſalúſque moraris,
Et procul *Arctöo* ſedem tibi ponis in orbe;
Unde tuos ſpectas obliquo ſydere Cives!
Conticuêre artes noſtræ: mœſtæque Sorores
Abſentem flevere ducem: nec cantibus audent
Pierio certare choro; nec plectra movere:

Tanta duo nobis traxêrunt tædia menſes.
Sed neque totus abes: Natum Natámque tenellos,
Et thalami Sociam, tria pignora ſacra relinquis:
Qui, Tu cùm ſuperâ regnabis ſerus in Aulâ,
Perpetuent fauſto patrium moderamine Sceptrum.

THO. READE *LL. Bac. Nov. Coll. Socius.*

Ad Sereniſſimam Reginam MARIAM, *de feliciſſimo* CAROLI Sui è Scotia *Reditu.*

AUguſti pia Conjugis *Marita*,
Quæ ſentis CAROLUM *Tuum* carendo,
Hanc lætus *Tibi* conſecro papyrum.
Nôſti *Tu* radios, diemque puri
Caſtum pectoris, integrique cordis:
Nôſti quod feriat Camœna plectrum,
Quæ faſtigia, ſemitáſque tangat:
Si *Soteria* concinat, ſuóque
Signet carmine Principis ſalutem,
Venalem levis imputare buccam
Audet Byſſinus impudénſque Gnatho,
Et culpat nimis immodeſta vota,
Qui majoribus offulam precatur:
Sed pergat, precor, otioſa lingua.
Qui veri priùs in fugam periſcli
Plenas Thus adolevimus per aras,
Geſtimus calamis idem *Reverſo*
Lætis reddere, cum periſcla nulla
Inſtârunt, niſi quæ piâ Popellus

Curâ

Curâ ſollicitus timendo fecit.
En ergo *Tibi* rurſus inter ulnas
Juſtum, Magnanimum, Inclytúmque *Regem*;
Conſtántem, facilem, Pium *Maritum*;
Prudentem, Tenerum, Optimum *Parentem*;
Quódque Aulâ juvat audiente fari
Cultæ propitium Togæ *Patronum*.

GULIEL. FULLER *in LL. Bac. ex Aulâ S. Edmundi.*

ECquid ab occiduis redeuntem Gadibus olim
Feſtino gratata cohors *Heliconia* plauſu,
Tardior *Arctois* CAROLO dum tendit ab oris
Votivo *Paane* litat? leviore periclo
Lætitiæ non cauſa minor: ſpes principis illa,
Sed nondum regnantis erat; jam charior extat
Ex quo notior eſt; fecit quem purpura qualem
Non auſi ſperare priùs; cui contigit illud
Ut regno lætum ſic vix optabile regi,
Succeſſiſſe bono; CAROLUS quem ſolus adæquat,
Virtutis patriæ ſimul ac diadematis hæres.
Hinc quæ fœlicem tanto ſe jactat alumno
Ut matri certâſſe velit, penè invidet illi
Tempus in amplexus, nimios dum judicat ullos,
Zelotypum confeſſa animum: CAROLUMQUE videndi,
Ambitioſa fides, numerat dum triſtior horas,
Queſta eſt quòd loro nimiùm parcente jugales
Automedon cœleſtis agat: longámque receſſus
Qualemcunque moram cauſatur. *Scotia* Regem
Tantùm ex parte ſuum non indignata remittat.

Mittat adoratum caput hoc, quod *Grampius* unum
Celsius esse suo didicit, quando augure famâ
Insonuit Domini advecti, planctúque recenti
Albanæ complere nurus parilique minentur.
Non vidisse minùs, quàm disseruisse, gemendum:
Hinc quali caruere sciunt; majorque secundò
Amissi dolor est: noto jam Principe tanto,
Plùs cupiunt; mortémque sonat discessus amati.
Ignorâsse suum, lucri pars maxima, damnum.

Ad Regem Apostrophe.

At nobis contrà; qui nulli gratior absens,
Gratior es rediens, geminato fœnore tantæ
Lætitiæ ut caruisse juvet, *Scotiaque* locâsse,
Sic semper minor est, non intermissa voluptas.
Sat patriæ, Genióque datum, reverentia cujus
Major in absentem: notam præsentia terram
Exoptata beet, quæ jam viduata fatetur
Quantum sit tenuisse bonum. Sub pulvere Cancri
Pectora, disparet nostri dum *Cæsaris* astrum,
Obsedit glacialis hyems. Is terror amantùm!
Redditus *Isiaca* seu *Tu* sub margine ripæ
Consenuisse velis, *Tibi* seu *Bodotria* ridet,
Alternúmque reposcat iter, mansura cicatrix
Hoc unum sequitur, nullo delebilis ævo;
Quòd, post cassa quidem veteris divortia Regni,
Visæ concordi sociatæ fœdere gentes
Hinc litem cœpere novam; licèt unio Regni,
Certamen de Rege movent, quæ vincat amando.

GERARD. LANGBAINE *Art. Mag. Coll. Regin.*

At

AT greſſu properante redis: Tibi multa recurſat
Anglia, languenteſque urgens præſcindere geſtit
Flamma moras: Non Te vel toto *Scotia* cultu
Detinuit, quamvis tenero reptata JACOBO,
Et Cunis ornata Tuis; Si fixus in Illa
Tardior hæſiſſes, illuc volitaverat Anglus,
Eſſe ſuam credens: Patriam Tu CAROLE terram,
Et Regnum nobis præſtas: Sic *Iupiter* olim
Nativam voluit quoties inviſere Cretam,
Fœcundans quàquà ivit iter, properavit ad Aſtra
Feſtinus, viduus ne Diis migrantibus æther
Ceſſaret trepido tranſmittere lumina mundo.
Uni qui nimiùs populo es, majore Theatro
Spectatus, demùm ingentis Magnalia Sceptri
Partiris, geminóque facis commercia Regno,
Atque alternato diſpenſas lumine vultum.
Vix tamen *Angliaci* Tibi ſedula cura Popelli
Vel brevius permittit iter; ſuſpecta verenti
Omnia; ſollicitè fauſtum vovet omen eunti;
Téque Tuis vix credit Amor, ſemperque videre
Vellet; & Arctoâ tutus de Gente reverſus
Exciperis, tanquam mediis elapſus Iberis.
Irrita ploranti rediêrunt vota Colono,
Fœcundumque magis de Te, quàm Sole, calorem
Speravit; Cereriſque inſtar, Tua Numina ſupplex
Suſpectis optavit agris. Tu *Scotia* felix
Regalem perpeſſa pedem, noli ora ſecunda,
Noli avidis votis iteratos poſcere vultus:
Sufficiat vidiſſe ſemel, ſatis ille triumphus
Indigenam redimire Deum. Tu CAROLE totus
Interſis poſthàc Anglis, nec abeſſe queramur

Ulterius, donec ſubjecta receptus in Aſtra
Æternam accipias, Cœlo imponente, Coronam.

GVIL. STVTEVILE, *M. Art. ex Æde Chr.*

EFfuſiori prodeat gradu, choro
Pennata Cleio Virginum,
Stringatque ventos; ut ſuperbior, ſuo
Occurrat ala CAROLO:
Non ſic ſerenum permeavit aëra,
Plumante Perſeus ungulâ,
Nec tam citato, *Caſtor*, impetu, tulit
Spumante raptus Cyllaro
Pauli Triumphos; quàm levi vectus rotâ
Nec non revectus viderat
Utrunque Regnum CAROLVS; Foſſæ moras,
Et quicquid olim Terminus
Utrique Genti juſtus, obicis, dabat,
Æquus diremit Arbiter.
Recurre Princeps ocyùs, domum redi,
Tuiſque Muſis luceas,
Jam fervet æſtas, & *Scoto Phœbi* ſatis,
Satis ſuperque luminis;
Nox nulla, nullo volvitur vclo dies,
Nec urſa *Tethyn* imbibit.

Quondam iter ad *Scotos*, noſtris, per bella, per ignes,
Ambiguo Gentes *Marte* premente duas,
Pulvinar JACOBE tuum hinc, & Sella Curulis,
Regales decorant, præmia opima, Lares.

At

At nunc pacificam, prætentat Pallas Olivam,
Unaque Gens, modò quæ non fuit una, sumus.
Alterno pede utrunque solum calcatur, amico
Hinc atque hinc animo *Scotus* & *Anglus* eunt;
Anglorumque Leo solitâ desæviit Irâ,
Carduus & *Scoti* jam Benedictus erit.

SAM. EVANS *LL.*
Bacc. Nov. Coll.

DUm longum moliris iter, peregréque profectus
Hospes in extremis, nostris subduceris oris,
Quà properas, votis sequimur; comitésque Camœnæ
Auspiciis, socio subeunt vestigia gressu.
Quas tu cunque vias pedibus, nos mente remensi
Non lassâ, tecum *Scotiam* lustravimus omnem.
Misimus extorres animas; Musásque, relictis
Sedibus his, famulas se reddere sensimus Aulæ:
Abscessit terræ genius cum Principe: tota
Gens peregrina sumus; nec matureſcere fruges
Cœpêrunt nostræ, sed rupto fœdere rerum
Æstum invasit hyems, submersit & amphora Cancrũ.
Tunc nos *Hiberni*, & nostra hæc *Hibernia* tellus,
Nec benè tunc minimâ contentos nocte *Britannos*
Dicere quis potuit, cùm luminis orba diurni
Anglia tam longis jacuit damnata tenebris;
Dum Tu vicinum lustrâsti Lampade clima;
Et, quæ sola potest, nativâ luce fugâsti
Congeneres *Scotiæ* tenebras, redeunte reversas
Te *Phœbo*; propriâ qui nunc in sede resixus
Et cœlo lucem reddis, terræque priorem

Ridenti

Ridenti genium : quo jam maturior exit
Flava seges, coctisque albescunt frugibus arva.
Nunc fugiunt radiis, quos tu jacularis, abactæ
Nubes : nec præceps tam largo depluit imbre
Æther ; sed Regis conspectu cuncta renident.
Nostros Musarum concretos frigore fontes
Solvisti fulgore tuo, venâque solutâ
Quà datur, effusâ, reduci gratamur honorem.
Ipse tuus, nuper qui Patrem flevit ademptum,
Nunc puer *Ascanius*, blandis circumfluus ulnis
Nectitur in collum, atque arguto garrulus ore
Oscula commiscet vernos redolentia flores.
Quæque diu languens (viduo quòd sola cubili
Orba viro jacuit) mœrentes anxia noctes
Traduxit, vigili fundens suspiria curâ,
Cui situs in Thalamis fuit, alta silentia mensis,
Et decor ingratæ solitus defloruit Aulæ;
Nunc tua colloquiis hilaris demulcet amœnis
Pectora ; nunc curas mentisque arcana remittit.
Circuit amplexans, animamq; in pignore transfert.

R. Washington *S.T.B.*
& Coll. Universitatis Socius.

PRincipis adventu subitò dum *Scotia* crevit,
Mirata est comites, Carole Magne, tuos.
Atque duplex stupuit factam se cernere regnum,
Dum par hospitibus vix fuit illa suis.
Nempe suum penitùs comitata est *Anglia* Regem,
Et tantùm in Mappâ non *Borealis* erat.

Omne

Omnes ſe gelidâ poſitos ſenſere ſub Arcto,
Nec tenuit fines terra *Britanna* ſuos.
Si mora longa foret, periiſſet Natio, ſolo
Nam reditu gens eſt *Anglia* facta tuo.

I. Mayne *M. Art. ex Æde Chriſti.*

BrItannIæ ReX, ReDVX; TrIVMphos Cantate. *Chronogram.*

DUm Magnus *Scoticas* peragravit Carolvs oras
Nuper, & *Angliacos* ponè reliquit agros;
Verſas ecce vices utrâque in gente: ſolebat
Quæ reſonare ſilet, quæque ſilere ſonat.
Tu *Scota*, tu *Phœbum*; ſuſceperis *Angla* tenebras:
Flebilis illa tuas; illa jocoſa Tuum.
Sic abeunte fuit *Phœbo*; remeante, recepit
Illa jocoſa Suum; flebilis illa ſuas.
Tecum, *Cæſar*, eunt, redeunt ſolamina: Tecum
Sat conſtat fauſtos ire, redire dies.

Th. Garland è *Coll. Magd. in A. Mag.*

ITe piæ curæ, quique anxia conturbâſtis
Corda metus! quiſquam Carolo jam ſoſpite Veris
Jacturam queritur? Regi non deficit annus.
Ille Jubar ſecum quo terra vireſcit, & omnem
Tranſtulerat *Phœbum*: ſecum ſed & ille reduxit,
Et chlamyde horrentes optatâ veſtiit agros.

Majus *Cæsarei* (dum nos quæsivimus illum,
Et prece non unâ cœlum violavimus) ibat
Nuncius adventûs; gelidámque volavit in *Arctov*,
Ut picturatos CAROLO spiraret odores.
Illic & flores, illic & gramina læta
Cerniere erat; totumque uno sub Climate mundum.
Atque aliquis tanti aspiciens Cunabula Solis,
Substitit; atque illic *Auroræ* Regna putavit,
Et raptam *Boreæ Strymam* pœnè addidit *Euro*.

At Tu, difficilis post tot modò seria Regni,
Regales Nugas, & fracta Crepundia sceptris,
Et Patrios quoscunque Lares agnosce: nec unquam
Pœnituit vidisse tui vestigia fati.
En Nidum, sed qui *Phœnices* edidit! illinc
Knethus, *Malcolmusq;* & major utrisq; *Iacobus*,
Donârunt seris CAROLI primordia sæclis.
Prima tuos illic reliqvit Fascia crines,
(Fascia *Quadruplici* mox decessura Coronæ.)
Vagitusque brevis, (quis Numinis esse putaret?)
Fatidicas quoties Nutricis perculit aures.
Aspicies teneros quà doctus figere gressus,
Quà nondum stabili signata est poplite tellus.
Forsitan & primi repetens Systemata Lecti,
Ridebis curtas, olim tua gaudia, Plumas.

Interea tamen *Angligenis* viduæq; *Mariæ*
Deficiunt animi, nec luctus ponere nôrunt:
Quamquam illos multùm solatur Parvus in Aulâ
Qui ludit, quanquam quæ pendet ab ubere nata
Progenies, tanti fidissima Patris Imago.

Interea tamen *Angligenis* Viduæque *Mariæ*
Te redeunte animi redeunt. En quanta per urbes

Undi-

Undique, ſed quanto major ſub pectore flamma
Reginæ Populiſque tuis! O! tu modò vultus
Adde tui Radios, & toto Sydere fulge.
Tum licèt æſtatem vel *Sirius* ipſe negârit,
Tu dabis: Et Meſſem CAROLO debebimus Uni.

Chronogr. Anni MDCXXXIII.

Io! VIDIſtI Vt tIbI ſerVIat VLtIMA *ThVLe*
Quid dicam Fatis jam ſupereſſe tuis?

HVGO BARKER, *Art. Bac. Coll. Novi Socius.*

Ode.

IAm quantum eſt, abitus nos docuit Tuus,
A præſente regi Te, ſubeundoque
Senſit quanta, Senatus,
Incumbunt Tibi pondera.
Incurſus metuit non ita *Scoticos*,
Amplexus velut hos *Anglia* nuperos;
Sed te *Scotia* nobis
Non ſic eripuit: tenent
Te nunc & faciles & placidi magis
Amplexus *Mariæ*: non ita poſtcà
Te permittet abire
Conjux; vix eadem feret,
Nunc experta ſatis triſtitiam thori
Pauliſper vidui: quippe pericula

Fert majora relapſus
In luctum, & ſolitos metus.

Ut vitis fragilis jungere quercui
Optat ſe, ſine qua mox periens cadit;
Sic ſic uxor adhæret
Regreſſo Tibi, CAROLE:

Ut ſeſe variis flexibus alligant
Vernantes hederæ viribus ulmeis;
Sic floret Tua Sponſa,
Sic hæret lateri Tuo.

Hîc turgere cupit palmite fertili,
Hîc prægnante ſuo ventre, repullulent
Vult ut germina, fulcrum
Quæ Te circumeant Suum.

His poſthac ſibi Te vinciet arctiùs,
Ut quercus hederæ palmitibus novis;
Noſtri pignora lecti
Hæc ſunt, objiciet Tibi.

Fœlicem CAROLVM viſcera conjugis,
Non Terræ faciant: hinc pete redditus
Dignos Rege; Sororis
Dum prolem ſuperes Tuâ.

IOH. GOSTON *Equitis aurati Filius, ex Æd. Chriſti.*

Dum

DUm tu coronam vis beare patriam,
Visisque læta sceptra, nobis non abes:
Stipant sequaces animi, & ingentem trahis
Turbam relictam, nullus hic totus manet,
Et sola *Scotia* continet *Britanniam*.
Nec Tu, sed ipsi jam redimus, CAROLE,
Non *Angliæ* Tu redditus, sibi *Anglia*.

ED. FOULIS *Mag. Art.*
& *Coll. Om. An.*

AD patrias nuper proficiscens CAROLUS oras,
Quàm lento à nobis fertur abire pede.
Quilibet ecce dies cunctantem suscitat, ac si
Prensaret nitidam chara MARIA manum;
Ac si discedens jam figeret oscula natæ;
Ac si jam CAROLO basia danda forent.
Quàm subitum rediturus iter parat ocyor hospes!
Quàm visus longæ prodigus esse viæ!
Præconem adventûs fastidit: Et huc properanti
Non satis est nisi sit nuncius ipse sibi.
Anglia quid Domino debes jam læta potenti?
Quid Domino debes *Anglia* grata tuo?
Ad patriam pergens iter inveniisse videtur;
Ast ad Te properans *Anglia* fecit iter.

IOAN. BLENKOW *LL. Bac.*
& *Div. Ioan. Bap. Soc.*

SAt bellicosi vulnera flevimus
Infesta *Sueci*; desine pervicax

Spirare regum fata; quære
Musa modos leviore plectro.
Vt chara votis filiolum vocat
Mater retentum per maris æquora,
Lapsumque mœret, dein reversum
Læta capit, lachrymasque tergit:
Sic terra lugens Te velut exulem
Quæsivit: at nunc vultus ubi Tuus
Affulsit, it rursus popello
Læta dies, meliorque *Phœbus*.
Sed nolo fuscam fingere *Scotiam*
Te destitutam; Tu potiùs duas
Auguste subnectens coronas
Da geminis radios *Britannis*.
Sic sic jocosæ convenies lyræ,
Huc Musa tendet: nevè erit ampliùs
Lugubre carmen, sed receptum
Dulce mihi ceciniſſe Regem.

R. Mill. è *Coll. Magd. A. B.*

EX quo Rex *Boream* penetravit Avitaque regna,
Atque illûc radios transtulit ipse suos;
Nos vicina polo gens facti, *Scotia* nostra est
Veriùs, hûc tenebras reppulit illa suas:
Scotia redde mihi mea gaudia, nolumus ultrà
Partiri Carolum, non ea fata pati:
Naturæ mutare vices, quid *Scote* requiris?
Contentus posthâc sis *Aquilone* Tuo.

Win. Bodenham *Equ. Aur. filius natu maximus ex Æde Christi.*

Scotia

Scotia ſit noſtræ quanquam contermina genti,
Impiger & rapido Carolus axe volet;
Attamen extremos ultra *Garamantas* & *Indos*,
Credidimus *Scoticum* nos jacuiſſe ſolum.
Credidimus dum menſis abit decurrere luſtrum,
Horaque quæ fuerat lubrica, menſis erat.
Tam malè ſi patimur blandî divortia vultûs,
Tantillæ ignari tædia ferre moræ;
Det Deus, ut noſtro ſit lux ea ſerior ævo,
Quæ Carolum ad nitidi tranferat aſtra poli.

Nich. Steward. *Armiger.*
Commenſalis Coll. Oriell.

O Quantum tibi, *Scote*, datum eſt! ô qualia paſſi,
Nè tua, ſint quamvis improba, vota cadant!
Ut tibi de *Auguſto* donemus plaudere alumno,
Natáque de terris tangere ſceptra tuis.
Expiraviſſent, niſi paſſa manere, relictos
Foviſſet populos *Cynthia* luce ſua.
Deſine tu ſpondere jocos, diadema, triumphos
Blanditias comitum, feſtaque nobilium,
Manſuro pronos animos, atque æra reverſo,
Tanta ut fiſcus opes non ferat ipſe ſuas;
Mitte artes vetitas, noli ſeducere ſydus
Carmineq; ad terras ſollicitare tuas;
Sat tibi ſit, celſam quòd cernis in æthere prolem
Quem paris, ut duplici major ab igne micat;
Eſt indoctus amor jubar ipſum amplectier ulnis
Quod cupis; hos cole quos mittit ab orbe ſuo.

Gul. Piers *ex Æde Chriſt.*

Scotia

Scotia da Regem, CAROLUMQUE remitte petenti
Ac mœstæ patriæ; magnum da *Scotia* Regem.
Non emo vel tanti tua templa, palatia; tanti
Non emo te totam: magnum da *Scotia* Regem.
Non satis est vestras Solem hunc repulisse tenebras,
Sed retinere velis, reliquumq; nigrescere mundum?
Tuque eris in medijs, Tu sola superbior umbris?
Redde Patrem CAROLO, Reginæ redde Maritum.
At redit. Errantes se collegêre Catervæ,
Anguſtantque vias dextrâ lævâque frequentes.
Quis prior alloquio, quis basia figere dextræ;
(O! dextræ dignæ *Iovis* alti fulmine, dextræ
Quam cuperet *Venus* ipsa suam) quis ponere Cænas,
Quisve Deo gravidam Uxorem, quis adire MARIAM,
Quis CAROLUM, *Heröas* versat gravis ambitus omnes.
Hæc dabit aula thoros, ludos ea sylva parabit,
Et CAROLO reduci feret hæc Academia Versus.
Sed nova tu tandem, Rex desine quærere Regna:
Perque ego Reginam, per dulcia pignora Natos,
Et per nascendos, sancti cineresque *Iacobi*,
Per Te, per populum, per quod tibi dulcius, oro;
Tutò hîc confideas; Terrâque MARIQUE subactis,
Quæ tibimet calcanda via est nisi lactea Cœli?
Quod semper mediteris iter, tamen incipe serus.

Nostra relicturus, cùm *Scotica* Regna petivit
CAROLUS, en pigros scandere fertur equos:
Nostra revisurus, cùm *Scotica* Regna reliquit,
Cernitur alatos scandere lætus equos:
Non jam progressum incedit velut antè; veredos'
Deserit, & ventos prævolat ipse leves.

Scilicet

Scilicet *Angliacas*, ut primus adiret *Athenas*,
Credidit huic noſter *Pegaſum Apollo* ſuum.

Fœcundis tribuit natura jocoſa puellis,
Ut petat hæc Ceraſum, ſpiret ut illa *Dapes*?
At mea non ſtomacho, ſed Rege MARIA laborat;
Nec Pica huic Ceraſi eſt, nec nova Pica *Dapum*.
CAROLE, ſcire Cupis quid Regia percupit Uxor?
Sola quidem reditum deperit illa tuum.

GEO. WILDE *Iure Civil. Ioan.*

Ode Dialogiſtica.

CUr ſic, recepto me tibi, jubilas,
Tanquam à remotis (*Anglia*) Gadibus *Reæ*
Seceſſerim, tandemque multâ
Exhibitus prece Te beârim?
Huc à propinquâ mox redii plagâ,
Nec totus ipſe, hîc maxima pars mei
Tecum remanſit; chara conjux,
Dimidia, ipſa ego; bina Proles,
Nonnulla noſtri portio. Nec tibi
Prudens Senatus defuit, illius
Florere curâ tuta poſſes,
Dum tibi conſilium miniſtrat.

Aſt hunc labantem ſentio, *Atlanticum* *Anglia.*
Dudum in levamen poſcere fortius
Tergum Tuum; qui parte magnâ

Manseris hîc, sed adhæc ineptâ,
Infirmioris roboris, ingenî
Non tàm sagacis: vestra, crepundia,
Non sceptra curat, bina proles:
Non, nisi totus ades valemus.

GULIEL. RIDLEY *ex*
Æde Christi.

Chronogramma.

IVIstI BrItonUM PrInCeps, tVtVsqVe reDIIstI.
M. DC. XXXIII.

QUò Te regnorum rapuêre negotia, Princeps,
Iviſti; Patriæ tantus amor Tuus eſt.
Credita quò cultus divini cura vocavit,
Iviſti, fidei tantus amor Tuus eſt.
Numini, ob hæc faciles reditus concedere, pronũ eſt:
Tam bona ſucceſſu cauſa carere nequit.
Nam benè conveniunt, nec vinclâ reciproca fallunt:
Cura Deus CAROLO eſt, cura Deo CAROLUS.

JO. HALSEY *Nov. Coll. Soc.*

EUge; nec *Herculeam* vereare *Britannia* noctem,
Sol rediit, placidúſque vigor per inania Regni
Vaſa ſubit, reficitque ſuos quos liquerat artus.
Utque ſolent, qui ſæpe brevi de morte reſurgunt,
Attollunt oculos, primum & de luce ſalutis
Auſpicium ſumunt; ſic nos quoque *Gentis ocelli*:

Hoc

Hoc vitæ indicium noſtro feliciter Orbi
Offerimus, CAROLI *reducis* qui luce beamur.

Thom. Clayton Art. Mag.
Coll. Pemb. Soc.

ECce iterum Reducem celebrant nova gaudia Regem,
Salvumque Muſæ CAROLVM.
Jam juvat *Hiſpanis* curas memorare ſub oris,
Victumque *Neptuni* impetum:
Scilicet ut gelidum brumali tempore *Phœbum*
Mutâſſe ſentimus domum;
Sic aberas, radioſque alii ſenſere benignos,
Hyemſque nos oppreſſerat.
At tantùm brevibus nos commiſiſſe tenebris
Abſens videris, CAROLE;
Nil opus inde diem nobis ut, Phoſphore, reddas,
Redit daturus CAROLVS.

G. GROVE *Col.*
Wadh. Comm.

DUm Sol Æſtivi conſcendit Brachia *Cancri*,
Tu petis Arctöi climata celſa Poli:
Idem ubi in Auſtralem fertur devectior Orbem,
Tu loca mox repetis proximiora Noto.
Sic CAROLVM, & Solem, Reges Terræque Poliquc
Regna fovere ſuo Numine tota decet.

GVIL. PARSONS *Novi*
Coll. Socius, LL. Bac.

SIc perge (*Cæsar*) digna Te semper facis,
Tantâque digna Prole pacifici Patris;
Dum non Cupido, sed gubernandi Decus
Te teneat: Orbis occupas spatium patens
Virtute fusâ clariùs, Sceptro potens
Quod occupabit Principis virtus, (fides
Nec vana nostra est) cujus & Cunæ fugam
Vidêre mortis peste grassantis, parum est
Si Castra videant Hostium: didicit pati
Teneris ab annis, non febris rabiem loquor,
Graviora, Medicos: non enim febris calor
Sed amoris illum torruit, reditu sitis
Tuo fruendi: quippe *Phœbæis* velut
Floresçit herba, floret hic radiis tuis.
Cur non coruscas ignium cerno faces,
Stellante rutilis *Angliâ* hinc illinc rogis?
Quæ Te recipiet Terra, sic Cœlos amet
Referre, quantum Tu Deos, *Cæsar*, refers.
Multæ supinum scanditur culmen domûs,
Totumque vivo lapide contegitur, vicem
Supplere gaudet saxeæ molis cohors
Exorta saxis. CAROLE, hoc debes Tibi
Quòd sic amêris, plus amas. Sponsam, tuos
Ut gratus adeas subditos, gravidam licèt,
Linquis dolentem, Patriam, ut redeas tuis.
Jam læta Conjux vecta lecticâ, moram
Culpat, suique gaudium ventris putat
In hoc molestum pondus; amplexu frui
Gestit monilis gemmei candens ebur
Colli; remotis non quod à terris venit;
Tua quale faciant brachia: à plaga licèt

Adsint

Adſint propinquâ, *Scotiâ*, hæc tanti tamen
Amica ducit uxor, extremis quaſi
Petita ab *Indis*. Oſculum *Reducis Viri*
Ambit, tuumque ſpiritum atq; animum ſimul
Sic Embryoni cuperet infundi; Tuâ
Animâ calere Conjugem & Prolem tuam.
Ut Te recepto gaudet, ut major tumet
Regina, majus concipit, ſimile Tibi
Quo paſcit oculos. Si quid in gravidas poteſt
Phantaſia, quantum Principem pariet Tuâ
Satianda ſpecie! pariat ut Magnos Duces
Ne parcus illi ſis Tui vultûs; ſui
Non illa nuper fuerit, obſedit timor
Cùm languidi Aulam *Cæſaris*. Sceptrum tene,
Ubi perfruaris maximè; & foveas Tuum,
Non *Marte* fundas, ſanguinem, multâ Pater
Gaudens vigenſque prole? Redeuntis celer,
Piger Abeuntis ſpondet hoc nobis gradus.

ED. GRAY. *ex Æde Chr.*

Non ut Te decores, decores ut, CAROLE, *Scotos*,
Accipis à patria Tu Diadema Tuâ.
Exhibeant claros Sceptrum atque Corona *Neronem*,
Trajanus populi eſt ipſa Corona Sui.
A nobis abeas nunquam (*Auguſtiſsime Cæſar*)
Ni Diadema novus ſit redeuntis honos.

GVIL. BORLASEVS
Æd. Chr. Alumn.

GRande tuis ſacrúmque dedit ſoror *Anglia* terris,
Scotia, depoſitum: matriſque hæſurus in ulnis,
Pupillus facili venit à nutrice *Britannus*:
Accipe quem dedimus, tellus vicina, ſinuque
Materno foveas properantem in brachia prolem:
Accipe quem nobis peperiſti *Scotia*; Sed quid
Hoſpitium Reduci? audiſti mea vota, Ducíſque
Grata remiſiſti nondum expectantibus ora.
Quid tibi pro meritis? quòd non, rediiſſe volentem
Carmine, vel blandæ tenuiſti carcere ſcænæ:
Quòd non longa morâ tardârunt pegmata dulci,
Quòdque, iterum nobis peperiſti *Scotia* regem,
Sæpè tuo libeat CAROLO te viſere, ſæpè
Nos reducem, tu ſæpè colas, alternus utrique,
Sæpè redux pareat nova gaudia: Tuque, recepto
Debet votivas cui læta *Britannia* grates,
Qui nutrire putas plùs quàm peperiſſe, ſitiſque
In medijs patriæ ſolari amplexibus *Anglos*,
Aſſiduè videare redux, nec CAROLE toti
Detur abeſſe tibi: dum Te ſic *Anglia* Rege
Gaudeat, ut non plus jactet te *Scotia* natum.

GUIL. LOURIEDGE
ex Æde Chriſt.

EN, Regina, retrogradus Planeta,
Qui *Scotos* radijs ſuis beavit!
Non ſegni CAROLUS volans amoris,
Ut te conſpiciat, propinquat alâ.
Nè ſuaves *Arabum* parent odores,
Non heröica vina dent Miniſtri,

Quò

Quò possint Reduci placere; Flatu
Oris cinnameo replebis Aulam,
Et, Dij, quale merum ferent petenti
Quæ tu porricies labella Regi!
Lassato quoque *Cæsari* cubile,
Præbebunt niveæ tuæ mamillæ:
Hic tali thalamo Viator aptus.
At posthac tibi lacteis catenis,
Posthac brachiolis tibi tenellis,
Et nobis, Dea, Principem tenebis.
Nec sylvis iterùm tuum Leonem
In *Caledoniis* fines vagari.

FRANC. WYRLEY *Art.*
Bac. è Coll. Bal.

QUòd Tibi, Rex, Sceptrum natalis jura dederunt
Non satis est, nec quod Te Tua turba colit:
Non satis est nostrum quòd cingit tempora sertum,
Donec, Rex vivat, *Scotia* tota sonet:
Non opus ut posthac longinquas viseris oras;
Ecce refers totum, CAROLE, honoris onus.

R. IRELAND.
ex Æde Christ. Al.

PRistina quid pietas Solem quasi Numen adoret,
Sæpè revertentes dum videt *Indus* equos?
Te meritò colimus *Boreali* parte regressum,
Gratior est reditus, rarior atque Tuus.
Non picturati nunc gaudet imagine Regis,

Ad

Ad Caroli Archetypas currit avarus opes.
Tam citò Hyperboreo quòd Rex deflectit ab axe,
Debemus soli credo *Maria* Tibi.
Ut teneris natis & tali uxore careret,
Non Carolo tantùm vel Diadema placet.

Th. Hoshkins. ex Æde Chr.
Ad Scotiam.

SOror benigna, quas tibi grates ager
Anglia triumphans? *Rex citò & salvus redit,*
Exijt in orbem nota *Scotorum* fides,
Exijt in orbem celebris & fulgens honor
Quo prosequuntur Principem, & sacrum colunt.
Non sine Deorum numine hic constans amor,
Virtusque *Scoti* Mascula, ingenium Sciens
Felicitatis, qua Suos Carolvs beat,
A se remisit tam sibi charum caput:
Scilicet iniquum duxit, indignum scelus,
Fallere Sororem; Malit & lugens pati,
Quàm ferre damnum, publico inimicum bono.
O quàm perennes *Scotiæ* grates aget
Anglia triumphans, *Rex citò & salvus redit.*

Jo. Rovs *Acad. Oxon. Biblioth.*

SCotia, pro Domino, certant atque *Anglia*, Rege,
Quem petit *illa* Suis, *hæc* retinere cupit.
Lis pia, sed tantum concedat *Scotia* Regi,
Ut possit Regno splendidiore frui.

Iohannes Lonelace, Richardi Baronis de Hurley Fil. natu max. ex Æd. Christ.

AN non crediderat famæ Te *Scotia* ſalvum,
Poſceret ut vultus ipſa videre tuos?
Seu tua Te pietas in conſors, CAROLE, Regnum
Anglorum mœſto juſſit abeſſe Solo:
Cauſa ea quæcunque eſt, populo vix credita juſta eſt
Proque tuâ timido, proque ſalute ſuâ.
Verùm, en quàm velox curis occurris amantum,
Poſtque brevem revocas gaudia noſtra metum!
At Tu ne properes *Anglorum* linquere fines:
Sit bis abſenti ſat timuiſſe Tibi.
Et vos, ô *Britones*, iterum pro Rege recepto
Reddite Cuſtodi thura preceſque Deo.

E. WRENCH. *Art. Mag. C. C. C.*

ANglia jam voti, voti jam *Scotia* compos;
Plaudite concordes fœlici fœdere gentes,
Æterno vos cura *Iovi*, vos cura Saluti.
Eſto *Caledonijs* cunarum gloria noſtri
Cæſaris, hinc ortus, ſublimem hæc ſydera fatis
Monſtrarunt CAROLI Cœlo plaudente* Coronam.
Pangite iô Muſæ veſtroque occurrite *Phœbo*,
Ecce venit, venit ecce Redux *Auguſtus*, & Oſtro
Clarior, accepto *Arctoi* moderamine mundi.
Fata vices ſtatuunt, venerata eſt *Scotia* Faſces
Ultima *Cæſareos*, Cunas quæ Prima: *Britannus*
Fulget in *Auſtrinis Titan* radiantiùs oris.

* *Corona Ariadnes in plaga Boreali.*

RIC. CHALFONT M.A.
è Coll. Lincol.

QUid mirum tibi tot, Princeps, occurrere vates,
Cùm læto facilè carmina corde fluant?
Cumque tuo adventu tot feceris ipse poëtas,
Difficile est Musis imposuisse modum.
Dum tantam præstes, quantâ es bonitate, sileri
Cætera jure jube, gaudia nostra negant.

J. WRENCH. *C. C. C.*

QUem mugientis ætheris fulmen semel
Vocale stravit, ad sonum minimum tremit;
Jam flammula omnis fulgur, & crepitus fragor.
Dolor dolorem renovat, & metus metum:
Animus memor tulisse, laturum pavet.
Olim timuimus Principi. Regi magis
Timere decet: & anxiâ faustum prece
Fœlixque petere, tanquam ab *Hispanis* iter.
Non gens remota sunt, nec incertæ *Scoti*
Fidei, nec alta maria jam transit Redux:
Mala multa fingit tremula suspicio tamen,
Et nulla cum sint, esse quæ poterant, timet.
Fatale dubitat fore, quod innocuum est, iter:
Litat & saluti: nec, quod est inter suos,
Solatur; illud vulnerat quod tantùm abest.
Hinc vota (*Redeat tutus, & Redeat*) sonant.
Non aliter ac si monte vicino vagam
Matrem relictus invocat, multo tener
Agnus propiùs adesse balatu petens.
Aut deserentis, moxque redituræ ubera
Nutricis avidè clamat è cunis puer:
Piget esse solum: rursus, & rursus rogat,

Findente

Findente variis lachrymâ ſulcis genas.
Dum ſic pavemus, Rediit: expertus *Scotos*
Rediit, apud nos jamque, qui viſus fuit
Fato priùs manſiſſe, judicio manet.
Vivat reverſus, Vivat; & (valeant preces)
In ſe diu ſit, ſemper in natis ſuis
Utriuſque regni Dominus, at noſtri Incola.

G.C. *in artibus Bach.*
C. C. C.

DIi nuper nobis Te reſtituêre: quod illi
CAROLE fecerunt; Numen & ipſe facis.
Languentes vires tecum rediêre: ſuúmque
Anglia propitium ſentit adeſſe *Iovem.*
Pace redis: nullum ferrum diſtringitur: hoſtes
Vincere ſic non vi, ſed probitate ſoles.
Prælia quos aliis, donant tibi vota triumphos:
Obſequium, atque Quies; iſta Trophæa placent.
Thure tibi latè fument altaria grato:
Sin petis à Muſis munera, carmen habes.

P. ALLIBOND *Art. Mag.*
Coll. Linc. Soc.

RETrô vertit equos, & juſſis longiùs ire
Noctibus, ad Brumæ ſydera Phœbus abit.
Sed tua perpetuam Æſtatem præſentia, Cæſar,
Æternum nobis Solſtitiúmque dabit.

ROBERTUS SANDYS
Equ. fil. C.C.C.

Ad Regem.

NE Te pœniteat, natalia Regna, *Britannos*
Liquisse, & sacrum *Scotia* quicquid habet.
His referas accepta licèt Regalia Sceptra,
Nostrum est quòd Conjux diceris atque Pater.

I. Heyvvood. *CCC.*

MIrantes dubiam quòd nulla crepuscula noctem
Gentibus arguerent *Britonũ*, quas *Tweda* diremit,
Quas propior *Cynosura* videt; quòd plurimus æstus
Assueto citiùs dum *Sirius* ustulat agros,
Et rara in toto visa est nubecula cœlo;
(Fertur enim lapsos ultra omnia vota coloni
Affulsisse dies sudos) vicinia *Phœbi* (Iam)
(Sic Carolvm indigitant, patriam dum pergit in Au-
Absolvit tandem dubios. Si Principis unus
Sufficit aspectus tanta indulgere serena,
Æmulus alterius Solis; dignare quotannis
Has peragrare vices, & utroque in cardine regni
Sic faustum fulgere Tuis. Sin magna precamur,
Nec juvat *Arctöas* invisere sæpiùs oras;
At medios inter sedem posuisse *Brigantes*
Elige, ut æquali splendescas undique luce
Vestales imitante focos, mundique laternam,
Quod *Samii* docuêre senes, creduntque recentes.
Sin renuisse lubet, nos & Te cernere non est,
At Tuus incolumem nobis longùm asserat *Isis*.

Tho. Lister *Arm.*
Coll. Reg.

Ergonè præfertur *Britonum* Caledonia campis?
Ergonè despecta est *Anglia* nostra Tibi?
Fallor: & agnoscit redeuntem Academia Divum,
Vel satis hoc unum Carmina nostra probant.
Ad *Phœbi* radios velut herba cacumina vertit,
Observat gressus sic Deus ille Tuos.
Cùm peteres antiqua Patris palatia (*Cæsar*)
Quà licèt ad *Cancrum* Sol parat ire comes:
Téque videns Reducem redit ipse, & flectit habenas;
Sic solet annus equis ire, redire tuis.

RICH. ARCHEDALE *Coll. Wadham. Commensalis.*

CUm tanto afficiant Te *Scotus* & *Anglus* amore,
Iste sub imperio lætus, & iste Tuo:
Hoc dubium est, abiisse magis *Scotúsne* gravetur,
Anglus an exultet Te rediisse magis.

JOH. MAYLARD. *Art. Bac. Nov. Coll. Socius.*

ANni circuitus inversos, tempora verna
Tristantem *Boream* vidimus? omen habet.
Prospiciunt Superi, (tanta est Rex cura Deorum)
Et claudunt uterum *Flora Cerésque* suum,
Ne desit CAROLO redeunti gratia Veris,
Deliciæ Divûm deliciis hominum;

JO. TRACYE *Equitis Aurati Fil. è Coll. Linc.*

QUàm clarè *Scotos* adiisti, CAROLE, Regis
Si modò sit *virtus maxima*, nôsse *suos*.

CLIFTON CLOUGH *ex Æd. Chr.*

A Miſſoſvè *Lares*, vel diſceſſiſſe Penates
Scotia cur queritur? Regis tutela benigna
Non tam anguſta domûs patitur pomœria tantæ:
Terminus orbis erat *Thule*, tamen *ultima* non eſt;
Anglia nunc ſupereſt ubi non *Britannia*; ſenſit,
Agnovit CAROLVM gens extera ſæpè patronum.
Anglia non Domus eſt jam Regia, *Scotia* non eſt;
Immerſa Oceano ſunt dudum Nomina; & ipſo
Aſpectu Regis cœpit coaleſcere in unum
Ore tenus nullam minitans ruptura ruinam.
Hoſpitium nunc eſt CAROLO *Britannia* tota.

HEN. EDMVNDSON
Coll. Reg. Socius.

S*Cotia* nacta tuum [perpulchra *Britannia*] *Phœbum*,
Auguſti radiis neſcia noctis ovat:
Orba ſuo cœpit mœrere *Britannia Phœbo*,
Queſta eſt & tenebras [*Scotia*] ferre Tuas:
At rediit jam *Phœbus*, ovat gens utraque, horizon
Phœbeo plenus lumine uterque micat.

EDMUND. BLOUNT *Armig. fil.*
Ball. Coll. Soc. Commen.

HEu quid abes? purâ diviſos luce *Britannos*
(O magne Princeps Principum)
Illuſtra, radios dum Majeſtate verendâ
Spargis per orbem candidos.
Nobis Βασιλικὸν dederis ſi Tu quoque φῶς,
Dona Teipſum CAROLE.

I. GOAD *Ioannenſ.*

Rit

Εἰς τὴν τοῦ Βασιλέως ἐκ τῆς
Σκοτίας ἀπέλευσιν.

Χαῖρ' ὦ ἄναξ παλίνοστε, χαρὰ τῆς σῆς Βασιλῆσι,
χάρμα τεῷ νόστῳ νοστέει ἡμέτερον.

Τοῦ αὐτοῦ.

Τῆς Σκοτίης σε ἐχούσης, μείναμεν ἐν σκότῳ Ἄγγλοι,
ἤλυθες οὖν χαρίεις ὡς φάος ἠελίου.

ED. SYLVESTER *Art.*
Mag. è Colleg. Bal.

Τοῖς ποτὲ δακρυχέουσιν ἀτάσθαλον αἶσαν Ἀδόλφου,
Ὁ γλυκερὸς νόστος Καίσαρος εἷλε λύπην·
Οὕτω δόξε θεοῖς πολυόλβους τοὺς δὲ τελέσσαι,
Κἀκείνους τεῦξαι παίγνια δυστυχίης·
Ὃς μὲν Γερμανίην, ὃς δὲ Σκοτίην κατεάσσας,
Ἀμφότερος πάτραν σῶος ἑὴν μολέει.

ROB. CROSSE *Linc. Socius.*

Ἡμῖν Πιερίδες συγχαίρετε δεῦτε Βριτάννοις,
Ἡμέτερος γάρτοι Φοῖβος ἀπῆλθε Σκότων
Ἡμᾶς φωτίζειν: μητ' αὖθις κλίματι τούτῳ
Φῶς πέσοι ἠελίου· ἔστε Σκότοι Σκότιοι.

RICH. MANLEY *Eq. Aur.*
Fil. è Colleg. Pembro.

Regi

Regi revertenti Antistrophon.

TOtus in luctu est abeunte Sole
Persa, divoque occiduo ingemiscit:
Quin novas aras iterum struentem
Cernimus, Numen revehit diei
Prodroma Aurora, ad Nabathæa regna,
Audi, ungula tinnit Equorum!
Æquoris sponsi *Veneti* maritam
Profugam deflent: iterum sed instat
Gaudium, cœpit remeare fluctus,
Atque *Tritonem* fluvij sequuntur
Buccinatorem Palinodiarum,
Audi, ungula tinnit Equorum!
CAROLI sic Nos abitus trementes
Liquit, *Arctôum* solet esse semper
In Polum motus Trepidationis:
Nunc tamen plenus redijt Triumphus,
Rex revertit cum Procerum corona,
Audi, ungula tinnit Equorum!
Solis, at solis facies renati
Quod fuit *Persis*; *Venetis* quod olim
Æstimabatur Mare, sed recurrens;
Hoc suis totum CAROLUS *Britannus*,
Anglia jam nunc resalutat oras,
Audi, ungula tinnit Equorum!

Patria dum CAROLUM tenet *Edenburga*, suoque
Hic noster *Scotiam* lumine *Phœbus* adit,
Illos quis minimâ contentos nocte *Britannos*,
Nosque tenebrosos, quis negat esse *Scotos*?

Ecce

Ecce vices ſubitas, Reditus non Te modò, Princeps,
Nos etiam Nobis reddidit ille Tuus.
Non huc Telluris facies inculta redegit,
Veiæ, Te *Veijs* Principe *Roma*, forent;
Quin ea Terra, queat quod ames dare; ducere poſſet
Magnetiſque illò vis bene nota Polo:
At jam, Nativæ quod non conceditur Vrbi,
Londinum bonitas Te tua ſola refert.
O quanto fines noſtros repetebat Amore,
Quem Paradiſæum non retinebat *Eden*!

THO. GAWEN.
Nov. Coll. Soc.

VErtice Solſtitii peragrato, limina *Titan*
Attigerat *Cancri*; procul algida conſpicit *Arctos*
Ceſſurumque gemit. Tandem ſuſpiria longis
Miſta trahens precibus; *Quid* (ait) *committere tantum*
Summe Pater potui? vel quid mihi publica mundi
Detrahis immeritæ pia lumina? Pars quoque Cæli
Parva ſumus. Sic Stella vocor ſine nominis uſu,
Semper & (heu miſerum!) Cælo ſine *Sole fruemur?*
Da ſemel impli. ito complectar prona lacerto.
Dixerat; & veteris durum dat pignus amoris
Jupiter. Alipedum laxat moderamen equorum,
Et *Tropicum* tranſire jubet; paretque jubenti
Phœbus. Inaſſuetam doluerunt cætera *noctem*.
Flemus; & amiſſo dilecti numine *Solis*
Pars pœnæ eſt habuiſſe *diem*: Nos quippe carendi
Fecerat indociles uſus; damnumque gravârat.
Labitur; & planctus iterato abrumpere curſu

Luna negat; gelidam cùm jam luſtraverat *Vrſam*
Rurſus & in proprium radios porrexerat orbem.
Scilicet huic, quæcunque vides, nova gaudia ſurgunt;
Huic *Muſæ* exanimes ſuſpenſa filentia ſolvunt;
Verſibus huic ludunt; certo exultantque triumpho.
Phœbus adeſt. Solitò laſcivit tramite Currus:
Utque inſtauratò lætantur fingula mundo.
Siſte; nec abreptum poſthæc fleat *Anglia* Regem,
Donec in æternum *tertia Regna* petas.

IOH. SPEED. *M. D.*
C. Di Ioan. Bapt.

NOno Muſarum, quo non felicior, anno,
(Aurea nunc Regni CAROLE ſæcla tui)
Mira cano, *Phœbus* ſolitam, quæ vergit ad *Arctos*
Tranſiliit *Metam*, *Zodiacumque Polo*
Admovit propiùs: *Boreæ* mox ſubdita tellus,
Fœta calore novo, Numine læta ſuo,
Auriferos fudit rivos; præſentia *Phœbi*
Quid non efficiet! CAROLE *Phœbe* redi.
Tuque ſacer *Phœbi* Antiſtes, jam labitur annus
Muſarum, *Oxonii* collige vota tui.

IOH. BAMBRIDGE *Med. D.*
Aſtronomiæ profeſſor Savilianus.

OptIMA ſVnt, qVæ tVtò IVCVnDe, breVI.
MDCXXXIII.

TVtum, jucundumque, brevi, tria ſunt Medicinæ
Splendida; laus iſthæc quodlibet ornat opus.
Omnia

Omnia, quæ librat, reddit prudentia tuta;
Illustris genius singula læta facit,
Ingeniumque sagax citò rem benè perficit omnem;
Optima sic fiunt hæc tria juncta bona.
Prudens, atque sagax, Illustris, *Magne Monarcha*,
Singula *Tu* genio nobiliore facis.
Tutus, jucundus, felix, gratissimus Orbi
Arctöo, Australi, plurima Regna beas.
Tutus, jucundus longùm sis, *Optime Regum*,
Deliciæ nostræ, totius Orbis amor.

THO. CLAYTON *Med. Profess. Regius Coll. Pembr. Magr.*

LUcescitô Camœnæ,
Vobis Triumphus adsit,
Adsit *Chorea* dulcis,
Arundinesque læves,
Et penna præpes adsit.
Quin obviæ ite Regi,
Regina donec alma
Amplectitur Maritum;
Et *Carolettus* ulnis,
Ulnisque *Marietta*
Amplectitur Parentem.
Dumque oscula hinc & illinc
Dant gaudium perenne:
Dum vota Plebs dat *Angla*
Hoc ut *Iubar* coruscet,
Hoc gaudiumque duret
Omnem in perennitatem:
Secum Redux feratque

Omnes beatitates.
Omnes beatitates,
Omnes ſerenitates,
Omnes amœnitates
Secum hoc *Iubar* reduxit.
Teſtis recens Corona,
Fulgore cujus aucta,
Anglis amœna ſpes eſt.
Veſter Triumphus adſit,
Adſit *Chorea* veſtra,
Et obviæ ite Regi,
Luceſcit; ô Camœnæ:

Ed. Lapworth. M.D. *& in Phil. Nat. Profeſſor Sedleianus.*

REx Magne ſalve, præmium & labor Muſis
Semper futurus, quotque ſunt, (nimis fauſtæ
Vivente Te quòd vixerint) quot & poſthàc
Serò futuræ; (namque ſæculi unius
Materia non es.) En Tibi calet Prelum
Quod aperuiſti; ſic Tibi Tuum gratum
Cupit eſſe munus: cùm nihil dari dignum
Tibi poſſit à Tuis quod ex Tuo non ſit.
Beneficio cùm ſit Tuo Typus liber,
Primos labores conſecrat, vovet totos.
Tu propiùs, antè juncta regna, junxiſti;
Vox jam una binis, dividit ſitus ſolus
Scotos ab *Anglis*. De Tuis redis Victor,
Manent ſubactâ mente, corpore intacti.
Utriuſque junctæ gentis hæ preces; longùm
Vivas ut illi, qui Tibi eſt, Deo charus.

RICHARDVS BAYLIE S.T.D.
Præſes Coll. Ioan.

SIc modò Te Reducem colit *Anglia*, CAROLE, tan-
Rursus ab *Hispanis* rediisses finibus: illas (quam
Te subiisse moras, eadem se tædia sensit.
Credere quàm timuit Te terra *Britanna Britannis!*
Te patriæque Tuisq; manu porrexit amicâ
Cum Tibi Sceptra, magis, quàm cum sua spicula tor-
Hostili dextrâ, Nos *Scotia* terruit. *Anglis* (sit
Bella recrudescunt & *Scotis*; utraque tellus
Dum simul, utra Tibi placeat magis, æmula certat.
Jam primùm metuit victuros *Anglia Scotos.*
Pacificos inter populos unitaque regna
Nunquam hoc tollatur Concors certamen Amoris;
Sint, precor, æternæ hæ lites, victoria nulla.

Emicat at Sydus *Boreale*, & nescit in Orbe
Nativo arctari; satis est cunabula Regum
Esse Plagam *Boreæ*, det tellus altera sedes:
Huic *Constantinus* debet cunabula *Magnus*,
Qui Christo Primus subjecit Sceptra Latina:
CAROLVS, huic, Magno Major, nullique secundus
Defensor Fidei, Cleriq; Togæque Patronus:
Neuter at in patriis posuit palatia cunis.
Non Patriæ tantùm, at Mundo Cœloque creantur
Augusti Heroës, & Relligionis *Atlantes.*

Vagitus jactet *Iovis* atque crepundia *Creta*,
Phœbeas memoret Cunas erratica Delos;
At non invideant cœlo jam fulmina vibrans
Numen, Solares currus Divumque regentem:
Indigenæ, Infantis CAROLI donamus honorem
Jure *Caledoniis*; Cunasque crepundiaque ultrò
His indulgemus: jactet se *Scotia* Nidum

Noſtræ Aquilę: at dextrâ librantem pondera Sceptri,
Erectumque throno, & triplici diademate cinctum
Regnare *Angliaco* permittat *Scotia* Cœlo.

IOHANNES OXON.

CORONIS

CORONIS

Ad Sereniſsimum Regem.

TVrba Salutantûm ne Te gravet, Optime Princeps,
Et nimio laſſet Carmine Muſa loquax;
Nec Sacra Romano fiant Idiomate tantùm,
Et vix gaudentem ſentiat Aula Togam;
Vt partes Auguſta ſuas hîc vendicet Vxor,
Sitque aliquid quo Te noſcat & Ipſa coli,
Nativæ veniunt Gentili ab Arundine voces,
Plectit & Indigenam Muſa Britanna Chelyn.
Hinc Latiæ à Nobis indicta ſilentia Linguæ,
Præbeat ut Vernas Pagina verſa ſales.

BRIANVS DVPPA
Vicecan. Oxon.

To the QUEENE.

OVr Mother tongue is Latine, yet ſince You
(VVith whom Your CHARLES *ev'n abſent*
ſcarce made two,)
Did with our Prince *our Engliſh Language wed,*
And are his QUEENE *now both in ſpeech and bed;*
Since You haue intereſt in our joyes, to ſee
A Husband ſafe return'd, a Soveraigne wee;
VVee here tranſlate ſome of our joyes, and ſing
This part to You, the other to the KING.

WE do confesse, we did lament our fate,
To see the widow'd and bereaved State
Sigh for Her Soveraigne, to heare her moane
Her so long quiet Scepter and still Throne;
No Prince, no Court, no Peeres, no Glorious presse,
And Crow'd of States, but space and emptinesse;
With what a gloomy night She was oppresst
By their like-deere injurious interest
That claim'd Her CHARLES, and calling him from farre
Had ticed from his Sphere Her proper Starre
That gaue Her day, and by whose absence Shee
Wandred in shadow darke, as theirs would bee,
Had they not Him: But when we did behold
Wee were still cared for, and (as of old
He that made night, gaue a faire light withall
To grace and rule it when the shades did fall;
So) that our Prince, who forced, had bereft
And tane our Shine with him, had also left
So faire a Proxy, by whose beautious rayes
To recompense the fires himselfe displayes;
Wee did this solace take in that distresse,
Our darknesse was not dismall, did confesse
That though we walk't in night, yet Shee had made
It was no irksome nor deformed shade;
That though our KING had left us nere so bare,
Yet having left withall so rich a Share,
A Moity of Himselfe, each eye might see
There was no vast and wide vacuity:
Thus had Hee still remain'd, wee well might mourne
That wee were left indeed, but not forlorne.

T. LOCKEY of Christ-Church.

Vpon the KINGS returne from *Scotland.*

WElcome most gracious Soveraigne, who dost bring
As well our Country to us, as our King;
For though wee here be Natiues, who could say
Hee breath'd his owne aire, and his Prince *away?*
Who thought himselfe in England, when his minde
Was so farre North, and worst part stayed behinde:
Wee were but halfe our selues, our better parts
Went with You, & Your greatest Train was hearts;
Which made most of your followers not seene,
Had they, the Court had farre more numerous beene
Then all the heapes of people you did meete,
Making the high-way as you past, a streete;
Whilst every sexe and age did to you presse,
And left their Townes, for that time wilderneſſe.
O! how they did rejoyce, who never saw
Their CHARLES *but in his Officers and Law,*
When at so neere a view they might behold
Your true face, now out of your stampe and gold;
And looke upon that Majesty, which they
Knew onely in a summe, or us'd to pay.
Yet taken with Your traine they scarce could know
Whether they saw more then a royall show.
They might admire Your Pompe, and state, and see
An outward bravery, which but trappings be.
But still their Prince, *the best sight is behinde,*
Whom they saw onely in your gifts, and minde.
And did not wonder then how living here

Your faire example raign'd and govern'd there,
From which they tooke such principles and light,
As shew'd them all their Soveraigne, but the sight.
They had Your Lieger vertues, which do lie
In Your out-Realmes and are your Deputy.
And now perceiu'd, by what just influence
A bribe was made no longer innocence.
Why equity prevailes, and single right
Puts on the boldnesse of reward and might.
Why like the Law, the Iudge doth sit, and see
More in the widowes cause, then rich mans fee;
And why the Court, where sinne did use to dwell
So much, as made it but a braver hell,
Is now a hallowed Temple, where to be
Wise and deserving is Nobility;
And learning thought descent, whilst all do owne
Vertue so much that now 'tis fashion growne:
Where none dissemble, or their meanings say
So maskt, that when they speake, they are away.
Where Complement takes not the name of wit,
But good behaviour is the same with fit.
Where all are good because are sure in this
That in your raigne 'tis hard to do amisse.
And could we spare You then, and not repine
You should so long from our horizon shine,
And suffer us to erre? Could weere refuse
To grieue, our Soveraigne should become our newes?
'Tis true, the speedy Poste did here alight
Almost so oft, as to preserue your sight;
And Your faire Queene so much your safety knew,
As euen serv'd to make an enterview.

Yet

Yet till you were return'd, and that our feare,
Which call'd your abſence danger, ſaw you heere,
Till what we did beleeue, our eyes did know,
A Poſte, and hundred mile a day was ſlow.
And now we were content to miſſe you, ſince
This want, hath brought you home, the more our Prince:
And ſince one Kingdome for you was too ſmall,
We did divide you to enjoy you all.
For ſhould the Sun ſtill at our Climate ſtay,
We well might haue a long light, but not day;
Which is beſt judg'd by darknes, when the night
Serues, like a good foyle to ſet off the light:
And makes thoſe beames more glorious to our eyes
Which are deſir'd, and after abſence riſe.

Iaſper Maine *M. A. of Chriſt-Church.*

To the King.

WE are a people now againe, and may
Style our ſelues Subjects: your prolong'd delay
Had almoſt made our jealouſie engroſſe
New feares, and rayſe your abſence into loſſe.
'Tis true the Kingdomes manners and the Lawe
Retain'd their wonted vigour; the ſame awe
And loue ſtill kept us loyall: but 'twas ſo
As Clocks once ſet in motion doe yet goe,
The hand being abſent; or as when the Quill
Ceaſeth to ſtrike, the ſtring yet trembles ſtill.
O count our ſighs and feares! there ſhall not be
Againe ſuch abſence, though ſure victorie

Would waite on every ſtep, and would repay
A ſeverall conqueſt for each ſeverall day.
We doe not crowne your welcome with a Name
Coy'nd from the Iourney; nor ſhall ſoothing fame
Call't an adventure: Heretofore when rude
And haughty Power was knowne by ſolitude,
When all that Subjects felt of Majeſty
Was the oppreſſing yoke, and tyranny;
Then it had paſſ'd for valour, and had beene
Thought Proweſſe to haue dar'd to haue beene ſeen;
And the approaching to a neighbour Region
No Progreſſe, but an Expedition.
But her's no cauſe of a Triumphall dance,
'Tis a Returne, not a Deliverance:
Your pious Raign ſecur'd your Throne, your Life
Was guard unto your Scepter: no rude ſtrife,
No violence there diſturb'd the Pompe, unleſſe
Their eager Loue, and Loyalty did preſſe
To ſee and know, whiles lawfull Majeſty
Spread forth its Preſence, and its Piety.
So hath the God, that lay hid in the voyce
Of his directing Oracle, made choyce
To come in Perſon, and untouch't hath crown'd
The Supplicant with his Glory, not his ſound.
Whiles that this Pompe was moving, whiles a fire
Shot out from you, did but provoke deſire,
Not ſatisfie, how in loyalty did they
Wiſh an eternall Solſtice, or a day
That might make Nature ſtand, ſtriving to bring
Ev'n by Her *wrong, more homage to the King!*
But may'ſt Thou dwell with us, Iuſt Charles, *and ſhow*

A Beame ſometimes to Them: ſo ſhall we owe
To conſtant light, They to Poſteritie
Shall boaſt of this, that they were ſeene by Thee.

To the Queene.

WE doe preſume our duty to no eare
Will better ſound, then Yours, who moſt did feare.
We know Your buſie eye peruſ'd the Glaſſe,
And chid the lazy Sands as they did paſſe:
We know no houre ſtole by with ſilent wing,
But heard one Sigh diſpatch'd unto your King.
We know His faith too; how that other faces
Were view'd as Pictures onely, how their graces
Did in this onely call His eye, that ſeene
They might preſent ſome parcell of his Queene.
You were both maym'd, whiles ſever'd; none could find
Whole Majeſty: y'are perfect, when thus joyn'd.
We doe not thinke this Abſence can adde more
Flames, but call forth thoſe that lay hid before:
As when in thirſty flowers, a gentle dew
Awakes the ſent which ſlept, not gives a new.
As for our Ioy, 'tis not a ſuddaine heat
Starts into Noyſe; but 'tis as true, as great:
We will be try'd by Yours: For we dare ſtriue
Here, and acknowledge no Prerogatiue.
We then proclaime this Triumph be as bright,
And large to all, as was your Marriage-night.
Cry we a ſecond Hymen *then, and ſing,*
Whiles You receiue the Husband, Wee the King.

William Cartwright *of Chriſt-Church.*

TO beare more Rule, more Scepters, Charles, *'tis Thine;*
To beare more Rulers, Mary *sayes, 'tis Mine.*
Stay with her, Charles, *nor let thy mighty Wayne*
To Scotland *poste, or any more to* Spaine.
To Her thy heart, not ours for Thee more soften;
We wish our Queene, not King, to Travaile *often.*

Ed. Gray *of Christ-Church.*

To the Queene.

THe longings of a Queene were wont to be
The boldest Poets highest flight; when he,
Scorning the humble name of low desire,
Would truly speake the restlesse Lovers fire.
Here then we want a name; our dearth of words
No fit expression to our Pen affords:
This Love hath out-done language; give us leave
Where You doe suffer, onely to conceive.
Th' unquiet Needle banisht from the touch
Of the uxorious Loadstone is but such
A weake resemblance, as the idle hand
Drawes in light shadowes of an ill-view'd Land:
We may spill colours here, but we doe know
You onely can expresse, that suffered so.
With what strange passions did Your letters swell?
What dreames, what feares, what wishes did you tell?
New Draytons *shall arise from Them, and shall*
Fancy Epistles more Heroicall.
Wee minde the wellcome onely now, and doe
Learne to desire His Presence still from You.

William Fuller *of Ed. Hall.*

IF it would wound an Engliſh heart to ſee
Edenburgh chiefe Metropolis to bee
Of all great Brittaine; Or Thames princely ſtreame
Iealous o'the Frith, leaſt ſhe her Lord detaine;
To ſee all faces, as if load-ſtone-eyed,
Converted North, thither to run and ride,
As though the Northerne paſſage gone about
So many yeares were now at length found out.
If it caus'd teares, to ſee our Sun retire
Where he did firſt ariſe, and fate conſpire
To ſhape vs out two winters in one yeare,
Never a ſpring, becauſe he ſhon not here,
But, (for, he gone, the reſt deſeru'd no more,)
Fell Northerne cold, and Scotiſh miſts good ſtore:
As if with'Courte the Poles were wheel'd about,
And this place ſtood North, which before was South.
If it ſtrucke deeper, not to heare next day,
How the King doth, and what his Councell ſay:
But forc't to want diſcourſe, till't be tranſlated
Out of the Scotch originall related,
Till truth, though nere ſo new, quite worne out bee
I'th' iourney: falſe, as that from Germany.
If leauing vs ſuch ſorrowes be his traine,
What troopes of ioy ſhould bring him home againe.

Now, if faire Flora's ſtore
Bloſſome no more,
And Ceres eares
Are bolted to our pray'rs,
Yet Husbandman, if thou haſt loſt thy graine,
Tis harveſt to get in thy Soveraigne.

What if great Sol in wrath,
Becauſe ours hath
Stretcht farther forth
His progreſſe in the North,
Driues backe his horſes and Chariot amaine?
Nere feare ſo long as here we haue Charles-waine.

What if, her Acts to crowne,
Our Mother frowne
And ſigh that ſhee
Wants ſome Diuinity?
Nere let her milke turne teares, nor face looke rough;
Our King's return'd againe, that's Act enough.

Though England made great moane
That Charles *was gone*
Attended by
The Northerne Cavalry:
Yet if our Prince a Scottiſh Guard advance,
Thus plainely ſhewes he is right King of France.

Though our Scotiſh ſiſter mourne
At Charles *returne,*
When ſhe would faine
Cradle him vp againe,
No wrong is done; nor they nor we forlorne,
If here he pleaſe to Liue; there to be Borne.

A. Woodhead Mr A.
Coll. Vniverſ.

Where

WHere were we all this while? Sure 'twas no ſound,
Nor ſenſeleſſe Trance, ſuch fits are never found
Where grief's ſo truly felt, that every part
Knowes its owne paine, as we did; for the heart
O'th' Kingdome, the ſoule gone, fell ſicke, and wee
The members ioyntly ſhar'd the malady:
None left vntoucht; a ſtrange diſeaſe, you'l ſay,
That makes the body feele, the ſoule away.
Tea ſuch was ours, which although Natures bookes
Will not allow of, he that over-lookes
And vnderſtands Civill Philoſophy
Shall finde it true inough, and ſo did wee:
Who being abandon'd by that Royall part
That gives vs motion, ſtreight were ſtroke to th'heart,
And lay like liueleſſe trunks, the difference
Was only this, that we were left one ſence
To make vs feele our miſery, the reſt
Charm'd vp, with griefs extremity oppreſt:
Nor could be fetcht againe in all this ſpace,
Though Heauen it ſelfe threw water in our face,
Till his returne: who (like the glorious Sunne
That cheares the Eaſt and leaues the Weſt vndone)
Departing hence, did with his golden raies
Enrich the North, making their Summers daies
Longer then ours; and by his abſence then,
*Left vs all * Scots, and made them Engliſh-men.* Σκότος. darkneſſe.
But from his Northerne ſolſtice now againe
Aſcending towards the lands Meridian,
With vs each languiſht member entertaines
Freſh ſpirits, and ſuch a memory remaines

Of him with them, as by the meaneſt Scot
Inhabits there, will never be forgot.
For ſuch ſtrong influence, where ere he goes,
Attends his preſence, time cannot oppoſe.
A happy change then 'twas, that thus allots
Them to bee Engliſh, and vs Engliſh Scots,
And may Heav'ns bleſſing make it ſo, that wee
Bee ſtill one nation in his Monarchie.
And know no other ſtrife but only this,
Endeavour which ſhall bee moſt truly His.

T. H.

NAY, twiſe wee tri'd, but none could ſing
The welcome due vnto the King.
What practiz'd Muſe could entertaine
Your Highneſſe, when impou'riſht Spaine
Sent home the Gemme that did out-ſhine
Their Plate-fleet, and their Indian Mine?
How did your late Recou'ry poſe
Our Poets, and the beſt of thoſe?
Words are weake Midwiues to vnlocke
The wombe of Ioy, the richeſt ſtocke
Of high expreſſion's ſoone out-worne,
Bee but the Theame, King Charles *Returne.*
Once more 'tis ſo againe; and 'tis
Of all Returnes the welcom'ſt, This!
When You left Spaine, wee ow'd to Feare
Something, in that you ſtaid not there:
But Natiue Scotland left, can proue

Nought

Nought brought you hither but pure Love.
Shall we a third time on? Doe you
That dare; for my part I muſt ſue
For a leſſe Subject. Once your Grace
I'th'journey ſtood juſt 'ore the place,
Where both your Lands meet in one point,
(As two great members at a joynt;)
O let my fanſie take you thus,
But in your halfe-Returne to vs.
So ſtands the doubtfull needle'twixt
Two Load-ſtones, but to neither fixt:
As at that inſtant you betweene
The Engliſh and the Scots were ſeene.
Did you not heare behind you cry'd,
Rather than looſe him All, Divide. "
Why ſhould wee our whole Soveraigne lack? "
Be there his face, yet here his backe. "
Wee ſue for no vnequall thinge: "
Leave vs our Charles, *take you your King.* "
Thus, for you, both together ſtrove
Your Kingdom's and your Countrie's Love;
When ſtraight the Step was ended: Then
Your Grace was fully ours again.
Here fill'd the tide of joy; Let thoſe
Fathome its depth that can diſcloſe
How't wrought at once in every thing
An Auguſt-Maye, an Autumn-Spring:
How London's Carcaſſe erſt, enliv'd
With a reentred ſoule, reviv'd:
What reall Royall joy was ſeene

At the new visit of the Queene,
How met with revnited lips,
The Sunne and Moone without Eclipse:
Wee'l wish the Dietie neere would let
This Moone to change, this Sunne to set.
Live o're those yeares that passed since
You came from Scot-land first a Prince:
And when that's done, ô may you then
Goe thither, and begin again.

T. Gawen, N. Coll.

WOnder no more (fond Swaines) because your spring
Hath all this while wanted it's seasoning;
Or cause your sad and melancholy corne
Hath hung the head, dejected, all forlorne:
Nor marvaile that Aquarius rul'd so long
Over your Meads and Eys: your Sun was gon.
Was gone, but now's returned; witnesse the spring,
Which hitherto hath journied with the King,
And but just now came home; witnesse the joyes
Of bells, and people, with that loyall noyse
Long live his Grace: *as if our* Charles *againe*
Had newly come from a Disease, or Spaine.
But above all marke how that Royall Vine,
Our Mary, *with her Olivets doe twine,*
And cling about this Cedar: how the new
Engrafted Plant springs, and shootes out to view
It's welcom'd Father; chusing almost to prove
Abortive, onely for to shew it's love.

And

And is it true? is there that bleſsing found
In the Kings preſence, that can cauſe the ground
To multiply? O may he then be ſeene
Never to be farre diſtant from his Queen!
So that at laſt when ere our Charles *ſhall vie*
His with that famous Rheniſh Progeny;
He may with an enlarg'd, and thankfull heart
Thus ſpeake; My Mary *hath the better part.*

A. Wright, S^t. Ioh.

On his Majeſties going to Scotland.

Whether or no the King to Scotland goes,
Is a maine point of doubt. You ſay, he does,
I ſay, he does not. Kings doe never goe
(Within their proper Realmes) or to, or froe:
Nor are they like to men, now here, now there,
But like to Gods, are alwaies every where.
Will you deny, the ſoule is in the heart,
If you deſcrie it in ſome other part?
Or will you ſay, the legges and thighes are dead,
Becauſe that life is in the necke and head?
Sure the great Body Politicke would periſh,
If the ſame Spirit did not each limbe cheriſh.
Hath mighty Charles *beene abſent all this while*
From no leſſe place then halfe of his vaſt Ile?
And went he thither not till now? what then
Shall we determine of the Iriſh-men?
They have (alas!) ſmall hope to ſee him ere,

Vnleſſe

Vnleſſe that he be ſeene alreadie there,
Beleeve't, our Monarch Spreades, and at one time
Fills both the Southerne and the Northerne clime.
So farre as any of his people bee,
The Aire it ſelfe is leſſe diffuſ'd than Hee.

On his Majeſties being in Scotland.

WHat did your Highneſſe meane, to tarry forth
So long amongſt the Countries of the North?
Was it to paſſe the Summer in coole aire,
And keepe your body freſh, and new, and faire?
T'is true, your love to England grew ſo hot,
It might have bred a fever, had you not
By this ſame Change of Dwellings found a way
Whereby its force to temper and allay.
Or was it to advance the Scotiſh glorie,
That when their Chroniclers ſhall write the ſtorie
Of this your Entertainment, and ſhall tell
How bravely things were carry'd, and how well
You liked all their doings; they may ſay
That you at laſt were loath to parte away?
T'is very right: a good Prince is ſo bleſt
That he ſtill thinkes, the preſent place is beſt,
And ev'ry where he findes ſuch ſtore of Loves,
He nere is troubled, but when he removes.
Or was it to enrich them with your bounty,
Spreading both gold and ſilver through each County,
That ſo as many men, as could not ſee
Your Selfe, might with your Stampe delighted bee?
Yes, 'twas to doe this; and 'twas to doe more:

Your

Your gifts and graces reacht beyond the Poore,
They ſtream'd into the Clergy, and did bleſſe
Thoſe Angels, with encreaſe of Holineſſe.
They crown'd the Nobles, and to thoſe imparted
Such height of worth, as made them royall hearted.
Your vertues flew about in ſuch large meaſure,
Men fear'd leaſt you had quite conſum'd your Treaſure.
But you haue yet to ſpare, when all is done,
Being immenſe, and boundleſſe, like the Sunne;
Who, though he fills the world with Heat and Light,
Is not the colder, is not the leſſe bright.

On his Maieſties comming from Scotland.

YEE maides of Honour, goe and tell the Queene,
Now her triumphant husband may be ſeene,
Let her no longer lead a Widdowes life,
Shee is againe become a happy Wife.
Ah, how ſhee ſtarts, good Lady! Did yee ere
Behold a Turtle, when her Mate was neere?
Iuſt ſo ſhee quivers, and beginnes to trye
If ſhee vpon a male can caſt her eye.
Her chaſt and modeſt Soule is ſo ſevere,
It knowes not whether more to hope or feare.
Should it now proue another, ſhee would dye,
And then (ô Traitour) in what caſe were I?
But I am certaine. Take the newes from mee,
And tell Her, that I pawne my life, 'tis Hee.

NIC. OLDISWORTH Ct Church.

VOY, Voy, les feux de ioye ondoyer iusqu'aux cieux;
Voy, le peuple assemblè, qui les larmes aux yeux
Prononce ce beau chant, Io qu'on s'esiouisse;
Que du retour du Roy tout nostre air retentisse:
Les prieres iettees des coeurs devotieux
Pour son sauf voyager encor volent aux cieux;
Est il donc retournè? sa volante visteße
Laiße en derrier du Cæsar l'aliegreße.

Sire, nous ne croyrons que tu sois arriuè,
S'il n'estoit bien cognu qu'vn Ange t'a portè.

FREDER. TONSTALL *Art. Mag. Coll. Exon.*

The Printer to his MAIESTIE.

WHat Birth more willing hath our Presse ere borne
Then this that tells the day of your Returne?
The Letters never fall into the Frame
More easie, then when they compose your Name;
Then they prevent the hand, and vntaught runne
Into those words that shew what you haue done:
For vnto whom more willing should they breake
Out into sounds, then you that made them speake?
May they still be thus busi'd; may you doe
Such Acts that still our Presse may swell with You.

IOHN LICHFIELD Printer to the Vniversity.

The concluſion to the QVEENE.

THus farre, faire Queene, the Muſes doe rehearſe
Their joyes to you, all cannot ſtand in verſe;
Nor can wee all our zeale and gladneſſe ſend,
Which may conclude here, but not make an end.
What you haue read is but a loyall ſtrife,
Who moſt loues CHARLES, his Subiects, or his Wife.
Much of vs is vnſpoken, if you looke
Vpon our Hearts, then every man's the Booke.

XUM

XUM

XUM